THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1856.

Established August 4, 1821.
Whole Number Issued 1828.

CHARITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

Two travellers at the break of day
Arose, and in a dress of clay
Set forward, each a separate way.

One took a sloping path that led
Where hedges ran, with tops as red
As summer roses, but instead

Were briars—and by a pang within,
He knew the look of flowers had been
Only the painted cheeks of sin.

The very sunshine in the grass
Burned up his feet—he saw, alas!
Darkly, as men see through a glass.

The broad heavens wrinkled like a scroll
Above him, his deluded soul
Sank down so far from love's control.

When night shot up, forlorn he lay,
Faint, and his morning dress of clay
Sorrowfully spoiled, and torn away.

The other, slow and wisely trode,
And at the first fork of the road
Stopt where a good old man abode,

Who gave him a most lovely book,
Wherein for guidance he must look,
He told him, if the path should crook

When doubt his faith would have betrayed
He lifted up his hands and prayed.
And read the sweet book undismayed.

So over pit-falls travelled he,
And past the gates of harlotry,
Safe, with his heavenly company.

Just as the evening splendor fled,
A shepherd at the roadside said,
Where an inn was, with wine and bread.

And further said he, "Thou, my friend,
Hast found a comfortable end,
Yet one thing lackest thou, to mend

"Thy faith and hope with charity,
That grace divinest of the three,
And hither, to abide with thee,

"Bring in thy neighbor, gone astray
And perishing beside the way,
Because he knew not how to pray."

Pictures of Life.

EIGHT DAYS OF ROYALTY;

OR,

THE TRUE HISTORY OF MASANIELLO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

The name of Masaniello is doubtless well known to most of those who will peruse the following tale. His curious history has been disfigured by two operas, whose fiction is far below the reality, and we feel glad of the opportunity which a recent publication in France of his life and times, affords us to give a true narrative of adventures which, with their attendant circumstances, will be found quite as full of dramatic interest and rare political lessons as anything in the history of France or of any other country. C. H. B.

CHAPTER I.

It was in 1647, when the Spanish domination still weighed upon the kingdom of Naples. Since the days of Gonzalvo de Cordova, the conquered race had ever rebelled against the tyranny of the conquerors. The viceroys who succeeded each other, could never touch or make any attempt upon the privileges of the nobility or of the people without first arming themselves and their officers to the teeth. Each new tax or each old one revived, was sure to be the signal for an insurrection, and Charles V. himself only became popular in Naples by granting it some most dangerous immunities. The paternal government of the Duke of Medina had just been succeeded by the severe administration of Ponce de Leon, Duke of Arcos. Dethroned in Portugal and menaced in Catalonia, the King of Spain, Philippe IV., had given two missions to the Duke of Arcos: 1st, to defend energetically his states of Naples against Louis XIV. and Mazarin; 2nd, to draw from those states, which he felt to be slipping from him, all that they could possibly furnish in men and money.

In consequence of this, the viceroy had enveloped the kingdom in a perfect net-work of recruiters, of tax makers and tax gatherers,* when opened the drama of which this is the prologue.

* * * * * *

A burning summer's day had just ended. The beautiful sea of Naples slept calmly beneath the rays of the setting sun. Nobles, bourgeois and fishermen were seeking the even ng breeze upon the hills or along the shore. Others, at the sound of the Angelus, wended their way towards a church and knelt before some venerated patron saint.

Among the latter walked a young woman, all radiant with beauty, wearing the village costume of Puzzoli. She carried in her apron some magnificent print, the richest offering which her condition allowed her. Arrived before the church of the Carmel, she looked at the scaffoldings prepared for the fete of the Virgin, and then, crossing herself, entered the sanctuary. The nave was already dark and almost deserted. The young woman advanced to the foot of a statue of the Madona covered with robes of gold and silver, ornamented with precious stones, perfumed with flowers, and surrounded by innumerable offerings left by a crowd of pilgrims. When she had recited her rosary, she kissed the robes, the ribbons, the flowers, all that her lips could reach, then she delicately placed her fruits upon the base of the statue, and, finally, raising her eyes to the saint, and crossing her hands with the most touching fervor.

"Oh, Madona Santa!" she murmured, "protect Thomas Aniello and deliver him from all danger!"

Then only, as she turned to go away, she saw that she was not alone before the sacred image.

Another young girl was presenting her offering also to the Virgin, but how different was she from the humble Puzzolienne! The noble and majestic air of a princess, a dazzling court-dress, diamonds upon her fingers, her arms, and hanging from her ears; on her head a cap of flowers, plumes and velvet; over her shoulders a silk cloak of the greatest elegance; with a face whose beauty outshone all her jewels: such was the stranger, who seemed to want for nothing upon earth, but who, nevertheless, implored the Virgin with the same ardor as did the peasant.

Her offering, as bright and beautiful as herself, was composed of a moss rose with its two buds, which she held in a corner of her cloak.

Intimidated at the sight of such a pilgrim, the Puzzolienne blushingly courtesied, and was about to retire, when the beautiful unknown, retaining her by a gentle gesture, asked in a trembling tone of voice:

"Is this truly the Virgin of Carmel, the patron saint of affianced lovers?"

"And of young husbands and wives; yes, lady."

"You have faith in her protection?"

"All my hope is in her."

"Will you pray to her with me?"

This request was made so gently and gracefully, that it was impossible to refuse it.

"Willingly," replied the peasant, "but who for?"

"For two poor divided hearts which can never be happy until united."

"What is your name, lady?"

"Marie."

"The same as mine."

"Oh! so much the better! we are sisters before Heaven. You were praying to the saint for your—lover!"

"For my husband; we have been married one month."

"Happy child!" murmured the lady, pressing her hand. "Well," she added, "let us beseech the Madona to make me as happy as you are."

Confidence makes rapid progress between hearts of twenty summers. The two young girls understood each other through their tears. Both knelt before the statue, and their prayer ascended to the queen of the angels, as pure as the perfume of the rose they laid at her feet.

"Now," said the Puzzolienne rising, "to have your prayer answered, you must repeat it here every evening for nine days."

"I cannot, alas!" sighed the lady, "for I leave Naples to-morrow. Promise me," she added, "to perform this long devotion for me."

"I promise you," replied the peasant modestly, and yet with so much cheerfulness, that her companion caught her in her arms.

"Ah! how good you are!" she said, "the Virgin will not refuse you anything!" Then, as if inspired from above, she added: "If, speaking to you from the depth of this niche, the Madona should ask you now:—*What would you have of me?* what favor would you ask?"

The peasant, fascinated, drew back while she gazed upon the young girl. She almost believed that she saw and heard the Virgin herself; and she replied, as she fell upon her knees:

"You know, *Madona Santa*, what perils my husband encounters at Naples; give him good fortune in his fishing, enough to buy back our house and our field of Amalfi, and to live there, tranquil and peaceful, like our ancestors."

"And how much would this field and this house cost?" asked the lady.

"Two or three hundred gold crowns."

"There are six hundred. Be happy and pray for me!"

And saying these words, the lady took out her ear-rings and slipping them into the Puzzolienne's hands, disappeared.

The humble pilgrim thought she was dreaming; she looked at the diamonds, and convinced of a miracle, again fell at the feet of the Madona.

The next morning a gilded carriage stood before the governor's palace, and a vessel ready to sail, out in the bay, both waiting for the Duke of Arcos's daughter, who, with her mother, was about to leave for Spain. Sobs were heard in the young girl's room, for she was bidding adieu to a young man who stood motionless beneath her window. This explosion of grief was silenced by the entrance of the viceroy, and the Senora was carried insensible to the vessel, which immediately set sail.

Then only the Duchess of Arcos, while engaged in restoring her daughter, remarked that she wore no ear-rings.

"What have you done with those precious jewels?" she asked, in astonishment.

"I left them yesterday in the church of the Carmel," replied the young girl, beginning to weep.

In the meanwhile, the young man, who had stood beneath her window, who had followed her carriage to the shore, and the ship as far as his eyes could perceive it, returned to his residence and despatched a courier with the following letter:—

"To His Royal Highness Henry de Lorraine, Duc de Guise, at the French Embassy, Rome.

"The die is cast, my dear Duke; the Viceroy of Naples has refused me his daughter's hand, and has just sent her off to Spain with her mother. Thus then, there can be no longer any hesitation, any dallying; I am going to unchain the revolution which I have until now held in check. Come with the fleet and Mazarin's money, and you will find the Neapolitans ready to salute you King. We will then see if the Duc of Arcos will refuse for his son-in-law your faithful cousin.

"THE MARQUIS DE CHATILLON."

CHAPTER II.

HAPPINESS DESTROYED.

Ten days after the above, the fete of the carnival occurred. Whilst the city of Naples celebrated it with great noise and pomp, a sweet and peaceful scene, a simple family fete, animated, a few leagues off, a small house in Amalfi.

This ancient and formerly opulent town is celebrated for its commerce with the east, for the discovery of the Pandects and of the compass, attributed to Flavia Gioja, and for the foundation of a convent of Jerusalem, the cradle of the Hospitaliers of St. John's; this town, fallen from its high estate, and abandoned, had, at the time of which I am writing, no other attractions than its historical reminiscences, and its admirable position upon the Gulf of Salerno, between two rocky mountains, and its limpid sea, where its ruins of bridges and aqueducts were so faithfully mirrored.

In one of the humblest, but also one of the prettiest houses reflected in the gulf, at the extremity of the town, two families were united and were preparing to form but one.

There was first, the pretty Puzzolienne, whom we know, wife of the fisherman, Thomas Aniello, (or, by abbreviation, Masaniello,) then her parents and her brother, and the parents and sister of her husband.

The latter was the only one wanting in this meeting, but it was almost time for him to return from Naples, where he had gone in the morning—for the true royalty, that of domestic happiness, expected him at the banquet prepared in his absence.

The house was the ancient shelter of Masaniello's parents, repurchased with the jewels of the *Madona* (Marie always gave this title to the unknown lady of the Carmel, whose real name neither she nor any one else suspected.)

The young wife had consecrated the week to two cares, both equally sacred: the prayer for her benefactress, and the installing of her family at Amalfi. Thanks to her diligence, to the fine weather, and to her Patron Saint, she had affected this double end of her gratitude and of her love. In one hour more Masaniello would be by her side, and their happiness could brave the storms of Naples.

How had these storms been able to touch the poor fisherman and his companion? Is the little adventurer the prelude to such an important page in history? Marie Aniello, the daughter of a gardener of Puzzoli, often went there to obtain her household provisions, whilst her husband fished, and sold what he caught. Poverty threatened the young couple, and the import duties were levied even upon their daily bread. One evening the Puzzolienne imagined an innocent stratagem, in order to keep from paying the tax. She took a little bag of flour which her father had given her, wrapped it up nicely to resemble a child, and fastened to the top a baby's cap, then, carrying the false *bambino* in her arms, she flattered herself that she would pass free through the town gates—for how would anybody dare to stop and search a mother with her infant upon her breast? Alas! the exchequer is all eyes, and has neither ears nor heart. The flour-bag child was discovered and seized by the collectors, who, besides, ill-treated the young woman, and imprisoned her until she should pay twenty crowns.

This double blow crushed Masaniello. Married only a few months, his wife was his idol. At one stroke she was thrown into prison and condemned to starve! He sold his furniture, his nets, his marriage ring, borrowed from his family, from his friends, and thus released his wife, but swore, as he returned to his empty house, hatred to the viceroy and to the excise. From that day forth, whenever one of the oppressed called for help, Masaniello rushed to his defence! Whenever a voice insulted the Spaniards and the Duc of Arcos himself, Masaniello echoed it! And finally, it was Masaniello who urged the fishermen, the workmen, and the peasants to revolt! This poor devil, half naked, acquired the importance of a chief, the dignity of a king, the eloquence of a Demosthenes. In the eyes of the populace, the authority was balanced between him and the King of Spain and the Indies. The day of the feast of St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples, the saint's image in solid silver, and the vial containing his blood, were to be carried from the cathedral to the altar of Capuano, by a member of the Governor's Council, at the head of an immense procession; a sudden tumult stopped the procession, the vial and the statue were refused, carried off, disputed from street to street, in the midst of the most frightful disorder. The unknown author of this scene was Masaniello. Another time, the Duc of Arcos established a tax upon fruit, the only nourishment the people had in the summer. The gardeners of Puzzoli, Masaniello's brother-in-law at their head, arrived, loaded with plums and figs, at the gate of the city. The guards demanded the duty, the Puzzolians refused it; a crowd assembled at their cries; a regular battle was about to begin. Suddenly, Masaniello's brother-in-law mounted a post, and cried—

"God gives us plenty, and the government takes it from us. Since I cannot live by my labor, at least let the poor profit by it sooner than the collector!"

And, upsetting his baskets, he covered the public road with fruit. The children and beggars rushed upon this unusual prey; the officers repulsed them. The struggle was beginning again with new fury, when a young man appeared, and with one word, calmed the tempest—

"Pick up these fruits," said he to the people, "but do not eat them, rather use them as arms."

Then, setting the example, he blinded the chief officer with a handful of figs; the others are treated in the same manner, and all finally disappear beneath a shower of plums. This young man was Masaniello. And the next day, at sunrise, the wooden house where the taxes were collected, was found reduced to ashes. The author of this act (who was, of course, no other than Masaniello) was searched for in vain.

This was why he was in so much danger at Naples, why his wife implored the Madona's aid, and why she so anxiously waited for him beneath that roof, repurchased so singularly.

In spite of the role which tempted his vengeance and his ambition, struck by the miracle which saved him from misery and from revolt, Masaniello had himself yielded to the instinct of his heart, and to the voice of Providence. He had promised his wife to rejoin her at Amalfi, with his fishing boat, and the wreck of their furniture.

Alas! why did he not go with the Puzzolienne! So many misfortunes hovered over his head at Naples, and so many joys called him to the house of his fathers!

The exterior and the interior of this house were equally pleasant; without, the white front, glistening in the light, the windows opening towards the rising sun, a little garden full of flowers and fruit, a peaceful cove where the fishing boat could be moored; then the immense sea with its perspectives and its varied sounds. Within, neatness, the luxury of the poor, the old family furniture, each article of which was a souvenir; the grandfather's arm chair, the nuptial bed, the infant's cradle, the stiletto and the Neapolitan gun, the fishing and gardening utensils, the pious pictures of Christ, the Madona, and St. Januarius, all thus arranged and rubbed as bright as possible by the hands of the young wife. On the table, a frugal breakfast, fish from the gulf, fruit from the garden, and wine warmed by Vesuvius; around, the two fathers, and the two mothers, the brothers and the sisters, all dressed in their holiday garb, with joy in their hearts, and smiles upon their lips. At the open window, between golden vine leaves and blushing roses, the Puzzolienne watched for her husband's coming on the bay.

Such were the charming visions which the fisherman's good genius showed to him from afar, across the splendors of the sea of Naples.

Why was his coming delayed? The sky was cloudless, the waves motionless, the breeze favorable. Why did Marie at last lean so anxiously from the window, and become so pale, as she saw nothing against the horizon? That is what we are going to learn at Naples, where Masaniello's bad genius roves around him.

This bad genius has taken two different forms, which we find re-united in the market-place, the rendezvous for the murmuring Neapolitan plebians.

In a room well furnished with globes, and all the instruments of alchemy, at an arched window, ornamented with a creeping plant and a tablet of problems, a man, old with study more than with age, with features hollowed by a sombre ambition, with a meditative and penetrating look, with compressed lips, surrounded by a thick beard, with a pointed felt hat upon the side of his head, the close jacket laced upon his breast, a big book open upon his knees, seems plunged in the most sinister reflections.

This man is Giulio Genovino, surnamed the *oracle of Naples*, a savant in medicine, law, politics; more learned still in the art of leading a crowd, a former delegate of the people under the Duke of Osuna, a promoter of revolts under Cardinal Borgia, arrested then and condemned to death, afterwards pardoned, and now waiting for reparation or revenge. He has left the choice to the Duke of Arcos, by demanding the presidency of the tribunal of Sumaria. The viceroy, believing himself the strongest, has refused it, and, the haughty letter of refusal in his hand, Genovino seeks the means to punish the duke for it.

Now, these means are brought to him by the young man who had just entered his room, and who reads his thoughts, after having followed his proceedings.

This young man, a handsome cavalier of thirty years of age, dressed with all the coquettry of a French dandy, with doublet, knots of ribbons, red heels, plumed hat, curling locks, is no other than the pretendant to the hand of Marie d'Arcos, the cousin of the Duke de Guise, the Marquis de Chatillon, agent at Naples of Fontenay Marcuil, French Ambassador at Rome.

Knowing that Cardinal Mazarin, notwithstanding the hesitations of Anne of Austria, would not lose the opportunity of driving the Spaniards from Italy, Rene de Chatillon had resolved to raise to the throne of Naples the Duke Henry of Guise, a descendant of the Dukes of Anjou, who had possessed this kingdom, and the most original and the boldest prince of the day. In love with Marie d'Arcos, and seeing himself beloved by her, the Marquis had hoped, in gaining the hand of the daughter, to win over the father. But deceived in this expectation, as we have seen, he was going to pass from concealed hostility to open war, and he was now come to propose to Genovino to make the Neapolitans rise.

It may be imagined how eagerly the offended servant received this prospect of revenge.

In a few minutes he had arranged the plans with Chatillon. The people are furious about the taxes—a spark may light the volcano—the governor is to be overthrown or corrupted—the French fleet arrives from Toulon, the Duke of Guise hastens from Rome, the Neapolitans carry him to the throne in triumph!

"And you are his Prime Minister!" concluded the Marquis, shaking the old man's hand.

"As to Marie d'Arcos," he said to himself, "she is not so far that she cannot return—and her hand shall be her father's ransom."

"Now," he added aloud, "we only want the spark; we must have a Chief of the People."

"There he is!" replied Genovino, as if suddenly enlightened.

And with his finger, he pointed out to Chatillon, on the market-place, the poor house which stood opposite his own. Before the door, leaning upon some packages he had just finished arranging, was a young man of twenty-seven years, of middle height, but very active, with a skin browned by the sun, with large, striking features, black, melancholy eyes, light hair, falling in ringlets on his neck, draped in theatrical majesty in his humble fisherman's dress.

That young man was Thomas Aniello.

"There;" resumed Genovino, "there is the man who will make Naples rise."

"What!" exclaimed Chatillon, "that half-naked Lazzaroni?"

"Himself; follow me, and you shall see."

Genovino knew Masaniello well. His eyes had followed him for two months past; he knew what he had already done, and what he was capable of doing.

The dandy and the savant descended to the street; but they found the old house shut up, and the fisherman gone.

They inquired of the neighbors about him. They said he was about leaving Naples to embark for Amalfi.

"Let us run to the shore and restrain him," said Genovino. They traversed the city, and passed in front of the church of the Carmel. It will be remembered that it was now the Feast of the Virgin. A great crowd blocked up the street; almost all Naples was there. The people were impatiently waiting for a performance consecrated by long custom; the combat of the Infidels and the Christians. A citadel, made of boards, was erected in the middle of the square; the youths of Naples, divided into two batallions, surrounded it. Those who represented the Infidels were distinguished by their turbans; the Christians wore the cross upon the breast. The former were to occupy and defend the fortress; the latter were to take it by storm, and plant the banner of the Madona upon it. Each party elected as its chief some hero of the populace;—and when Genovino and Chatillon appeared, the Turks had just placed at their head a certain beggar of Herculean vigor. He had already received a gigantic crescent, as the insignia of his rank. His rival's attribute was a cross of wrought gold, ornamented with precious stones, called the *Cross of the Carmel*, and taken, for that day, from the treasury of the chapter, obliged to take part in this secular custom. The judges of the combat were carrying around the sacred cross, upon which was wrought a Christ, between a Pope and a dove; and the crusaders were discussing the names submitted to their choice, when a voice cried out—"Take Masaniello!"

The voice was Genovino's; and never was the *oracle of Naples* so readily listened to.

The acclamation was electrical, universal, triumphant?

"Yes, Masaniello! Masaniello!" cried all the Christians simultaneously!

"Long live Masaniello, and death to the taxes!" added the boldest, thus avowing their motive and their end.

"Where *is* he? where is he?" demanded the soldiers.

"Come and seek him with me!" answered Genovino, at the same time seizing and raising above his head the cross of the Carmel, behind which the crowd rushed with him in the direction of the harbor.

A minute more, and it would have been too late. When they reached Masaniello he was just putting his foot into his boat and pushing off.

"Come with us, Masaniello! Come with us."

Arrested by this tremendous shout, the fisherman let fall his oars, and thought he was dreaming.

A cloud was passing between his eyes and the vision of Amalfi.

Genovino, speaking in the name of all, related to him the honor which had just been conferred upon him, and extended to him the cross of commander.

"Forward Masaniello, and death to the taxes!" repeated the Christians, followed by all the echoes of the gulf.

Pride and vengeance cried louder still in the fisherman's breast. He placed one hand upon his forehead, the other upon his breast, and cast a long look from that army offering him glory, to the shore where happiness smiled upon him.

His little house at Amalfi; his wife in tears, his boat all ready, his humble luggage at his feet—tore from him at last this cry of his heart—

"It is impossible, my friends; all my family is waiting for me over there."

And he would have escaped the temptation, if Genovino had not spoken.

"Masaniello," said he, "I suspected you of more courage and patriotism. You forget the name that you bear, and the roof you have just left. Under the viceroyalty of Don Pedro of Toledo, the Neapolitans, threatened with the Spanish inquisition, called to their aid Thomas Aniello, your ancestor—and Thomas Aniello did not hesitate to march at their head, and to free them. When Charles V. delivered Naples from the taxes which are crushing her now, all the Aniellos were again in the ranks of the brave, and the people painted upon their door the escutcheon of the great Emperor, with a legend which is their title of nobility. Your friends judged you worthy to continue the work of your family. If they deceived themselves, go and repose yourself at Amalfi. We will efface Charles V.'s escutcheon—and we will give the cross of Carmel to another. Adieu, Masaniello!"

We can well imagine the effect of each word of this discourse upon the mind of the fisherman. It would be impossible to describe the combat which went on within him. At the last words of the orator, he could see nothing but shame in flight—and forgetting Amalfi, his wife, and his happiness, he sprang from his bark to the shore, and cried, as he kissed the golden cross—

"No! no! Masaniello is worthy of his fathers! I am with you! I am with you!"

Genovino smiled behind his moustache. Chatillon pressed his hand, and the crusaders bore their chief in triumph to the square of the Carmel.

Half an hour afterwards, the Turk's Citadelle was razed by the Christians with unexampled order. The beggar fell from the top of the scaffolding, precipitated by Masaniello's terrible arm; and Masaniello, the cross of the Carmel suspended from his neck, the banner of the Madona in his hand, and the two armies reunited under his orders, and swelled by the whole population of Naples, crying: "Death to the Spaniards as to the Infidels! Long live the abundance of the days of Charles V.! Down with the taxes and the tax gatherers!"

For things had followed the course foreseen by Genovino. From enemies in fun, they had passed to enemies in earnest; and the "child's play became a combat of tigers," to use the Duke de Riva's expression.

CHAPTER III.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

Launched in full revolt, Masaniello had no longer the power to retreat. He did not even think of it, and far from arresting the torrent, he drew it after him, even to the viceroy's palace. Attracted by the cries of the multitude, the Duke of Arcos appeared upon the balcony with his suite. But he was saluted with such violent language, and such insolent gestures, that he was forced to retire amid the hootings of his insulters. Immediate and severe action might yet have repressed the revolt. The Governor's friends advised him to it. But he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders:—"It is only a childish masquerade; it will fall through under our contempt."

Weakened by age, overcome by his corpulency, the Duke cared only for repose, and only believed those who gave him no trouble. His efforts to get his daughter off had exhausted the little energy he had left. Masaniello, or rather Genovino and Chatillon, had therefore all day and all night to recruit and organise their bands. Passing again in the evening before the church of the Carmel, the fisherman met two men half-hid in the shadow.

"What do you expect to do, you?" they asked haughtily.

"To die or give plenty to the city," replied Masaniello, boldly.

"A famous subject, truly, to rule the affairs of Naples!" rejoined the two men, laughing.

But Masaniello replied with unusual vigor,

"If I could only find three or four with as much heart as I have, and who would really second me, you would soon see what I am capable of for the good of the people."

The poor creature spoke with sincerity, and that is what rendered his eloquence irresistible. His words, had a magic influence upon the two men, and they immediately offered their services to him. He could not have had two more formidable auxiliaries; for these two adventurers, ready to overthrow Naples, were, Dominico Perrone, the ancient chief of *Ottine*, the terrible smuggler, and Guiseppe Palumbo, the *sbirro*, become a captain of brigands. In short, the next morning, the poor fisherman, master of the city, had under his orders a complete army, with his captains, his lieutenants, and his battalions.

He began by taking possession of the Tower of the Carmel, and announcing, by a prolonged tocsin, the general insurrection. Then, when he saw the entire population pressing around him on the immense market-place, he set fire to the collection offices, reduced them to ashes, with their furniture and their registers, distributed the money from the cases to the soldiers, and, mounting a stone bench with a canopy of flame and smoke above him, he addressed to the multitude, with a clear, penetrating voice, a discourse which completely electrified them:—"Hail to God!" he cried, as he ended; "hail to the Virgin of Carmel! Hail to the people, and Charles V.! Death to the bad Government." Then, with his hand extended towards the Spanish quarter,—"To the palace! to the assault of the palace!" he cried.

Twenty thousand voices echoed his, and the crowd rushed towards the dwelling of the Duke of Arcos.

After mustering a few troops without any order of action or any ammunition, the viceroy saw, too late, that the disturbance was likely to become a revolution; but, instead of doubling his guard, sending information to his forts and garrisons, and mounting his horse at the head of his nobles, he was content to gain time, and to remain shut up within four walls.

He was comforting himself with a biscuit dipped in Spanish wine, says Santis, the historian, when the mob arrived beneath his windows, preceded by that sinister murmuring, the precursor of a great outbreak. The sentries were swept down by the crowd which invaded the courts, the vestibules, and the corridors. The grand stairway was soon forced also. The guards were knocked down; their arms snatched from them; the doors of the apartments flew in pieces; the royal saloons were profaned by the lazy lazzaroni. They were about to enter the viceroy's cabinet, and lay their hands upon his person, when the Prince of Bisignano, a noble much respected at Naples, and whom the most sensible had placed at their head to demand the abolition of the taxes, came forward. He had accepted the commission, although confined to his bed with the gout, and was borne on horseback to the menaced palace, accompanied by a few nobles and priests. With a great deal of difficulty he got them to consent that he should go alone to the Duke of Arcos.

"Ah! you there?" exclaimed the latter; "I was going to send for you."

"I come to beseech you," said the Prince, "to revoke the taxes upon fruits and grains, which is the only means to arrest an incalculable disaster."

"So be it!" answered the wavering Duke; "let us assemble the Council, and finish the business."

"There is no longer time for deliberation. Act alone, or all is lost."

The uncertainty had already lasted too long. The Prince was still speaking. The insurgents burst open the door, and stood before the viceroy, yelling furiously:—"Down with the taxes! Death to the bad Government!"

Sinking upon his chair, pale and trembling, the Duke at last cried:—"*si hijos, todo se hara lego!*" (Yes, my children, all shall be done immediately!) And he hastily signed several ordinances, abolishing the tax upon fruits, and reducing that upon grains. He threw them to the men who surrounded him. He hurled them to the others from the balcony, trying at the same time to make himself heard.

"IT IS TOO LATE!" responded a voice, still the same, which had unchained the revolution.

"This is no longer sufficient!" added those who read the ordinances.

And with shouts, they forced the Viceroy of Naples, the representative of the Spanish monarchy, to descend the steps of his palace, and to come to them on the public square. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FINNISH BLUEBEARD.

Miss Selina Bunbury, in her "Summer in Northern tells Europe," the story of the Finnish Bluebeard as follows:

"Once upon a time there lived in Finland a very wild and wicked young man, who, after a long course of profanity and licentiousness, crowned all his bad deeds by becoming a Finn-Bluebeard. He married three young women almost at once, shut them up in a wicker basket, and burned them. No one knew the fate of the three poor girls; they had disappeared. That was all. One morning the young man was found stretched on the threshold of his door, dead, his body covered with dark blue spots. It was clear he had spent the night in wrestling with the Evil One, and been overcome. They buried him, however, with the rites of the church. The next morning the sacristan, going early to ring the Angelus, saw, to his horror, the dead body of the young man whom they had buried, standing erect in a niche in the outer porch of the church. He ran to the priest, who, believing some one had raised the body from its tomb, buried it again. But up rose the corpse once more, came back to the porch that night, and appeared in its niche the following morning. Three times they reburied it; three times he rose again. At last the good man perceived that other powers were engaged in this, and he suffered the corpse to remain unmolested in its niche. Finally, only a skeleton was there, and no one passed it without the sign of the cross. Years passed away, and the story might have been forgotten, if the skeleton in the porch did not tend to keep its memory fresh. Perhaps it was a desire to get rid of such a monitor to his conscience, that led another wild young man to resolve to have it displaced from its niche. Instead, however, of trying to do so himself, he engaged the services of a young girl, whose innocent mind made her devoid of fear. By the promise of a good reward, he prevailed on her to go one evening to the church and carry away the skeleton. She reached the outer porch, advanced to the niche, and approached the thing that had been so long erect there. But lo! instead of her extending her arms, the skeleton stretched out his. More horrible still, it spoke. It told her she must be squeezed to death in those dreadful arms, since she had dared to violate the repose of the dead. Her prayers and cries moved even a skeleton to pity her, and in its hollow voice it said,

"'If you will save *yourself*, you may save me also. Go, then into the church; there you will see three young girls kneeling before the altar. They are my three brides, whom I burned in one day. For that crime I am compelled to remain here. I can neither rest in the grave, nor enter the threshold of the holy temple. Here I must remain forever, unless I can obtain their pardon. For fifty years I have waited for this occasion of employing some one to ask them to pardon me: go, now, and do so.'

"The girl tremblingly opened the door of the church; the whole nave was lighted up as if for a grand festival; and the soft tones of a plaintive chant resounded throughout it. At the foot of the altar, three young girls were kneling, covered in a long white veil. The chant was by them. The poor mortal girl approached her spiritual sisters, and tremblingly craved pardon for the skeleton at the porch door.

"'No, no,' chanted the three spirits, 'no pardon for him.'

"The messenger returned with the fatal reply.

"'Yet once more ask them, if not for my sake for yours to pardon me,' said the skeleton, in answer; 'else shall you die.'

"She repeated her prayer to the three spirits with this addition.

"'No, no; there is no pardon for him.'

"'Yet once more try if you can prevail,' said the skeleton.

"Again she went, and falling on her knees, cried to the three spirits,

"'Pardon him, pardon him for the sake of the Saviour!'

"'He is pardoned, he is pardoned!' repeated each spirit.

"The chant ceased; the lights went out; the three spirit-brides disappeared, and the skeleton moved away from its niche, sunk down in its grave, and lay there ever after."

APOLOGUE.—A poor laborer, in a certain village, died, after a long illness; and having escaped the turmoils of existence, presented himself at the gates of Heaven, where he found he had been preceded by a rich man of the same locality, who had just died, and having previously knocked, had been admitted by the Apostle Peter. The laborer, who stood without, was enchanted by the ravishing sounds of singing, rejoicing, and sweet music which appeared to hail the entrance of the Dives; and having knocked in his turn, was also admitted. But what was his astonishment at finding silence, where seraphic sounds had so lately been joyously uttered! "Now is this?" he demanded of Peter; "when the rich man entered, I heard music and singing; is there, then, the same distinction between rich and poor in Heaven as on earth?" "Not at all," replied the Apostle, "but the poor come to Heaven every day, whereas it is scarcely once in a hundred years that a rich man gains admission."

☞ Two men were conversing about the ill humor of their wives. "Ah!" said one, with a sorrowful expression, "Mine is a Tartar!" "Well," replied the other, "mine is the *Cream of Tartar!*"

* His predecessors boasted that they had not left in Naples, outside of the privileged classes, four families rich enough to eat *at a table*. The agents of the Duke of Arcos finished this work by reducing the same families to *sleep on the ground*. When the poor had nothing more left to satisfy the exchequer:—"Sell your wives and daughters," said their Spanish Masters.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - - - - -		$5,00 a year.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
13 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
20 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

INDEPENDENCE.

Once again the anniversary of our National Independence rises on the land. The joy-bells ring, the cannon roar, the long processions pass with banners and shouting, the favorite orators fill the air with eloquence. John Adams has his wish. A nation celebrates its birthday with bells and bonfires. The brave men who stood unblenched in the day of political earthquake and eclipse, one and eighty years ago, and, with the gloomy menace of Tyburn looming in their faces, gravely declared the independence of their native land, rest in honored tombs. The conquered and the conquerors alike have passed to the pale repose. The fields once blackened with the strife for liberty, are green to-day in the summer sunshine. A mighty change has been wrought above those heroic graves. The valor and the virtue that spoke the Declaration, and emphasized it with the diapason of fifty battle-fields, have given life to a nation, whose expansion already covers nearly half a continent, and whose ensign floats from the Atlantic verge to shadow with its gorgeous folds the activity of prosperous millions, and dip its fringes in the Pacific sea. The roar and hum of an enormous life fills the air of half a hemisphere. The ocean is white with the wings of our navies. The land from the eastern to the western brine, and from the Lakes downward to the Mexique Bay, is studded with giant cities, rivalling the thousand years' accretions of Paris and London, and with prosperous towns and villages, and leagues on leagues of harvests waving in the summer splendor. The name of America burns in the front of Christendom. And all this prosperity, this opulence, this giant growth, this power upon earth, this national renown, and all we gather with pride into the thought of our country, we owe to those brave men of one and eighty years' ago who dared all dangers to leave us, their children, free.

Let us remember them with a sober and pious gratitude, deeper and truer than our bells and cannons tell. While the observance of this great Day becomes, as all such observance will, more and more a mere formality, and the noble fact in our history it commemorates is obscured, year after year, by the whirl of the masquerade, and the blaze of the pyrotechny, let us keep fresh in our hearts some true and grateful realization of the inestimable blessings which its historic act secured for us and for our children. The gratitude we owe to the heroes who risked so much for us, can be best paid by regarding that document they framed as the philosophy of our nationality and by making the fact correspond with the philosophy. It is for us to carry out the intentions of our fathers, and enact the august truths of the Declaration of Independence into our national life and law. Protesting against the oppression of the English Parliament and King, they affirmed the natural rights of Man to be the only true basis of just government. Not upon caste or class, social or natural distinctions, wealth or power, badges or baubles, but upon the broad assertion of the legal equality of all men, upon the inalienable rights of all to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and upon the free and willing consent of the governed, did they erect the new fabric of government. It was a new experiment, which denied all the governmental theories and practice of the Past. It is for us to see that the experiment shall have a fair and full trial. Would we do honor to the political wisdom, the courage, and the character of our ancestors? We can best do it by jealously guarding and maintaining the principles they bequeathed us—for the support of which they pledged life and fortune and sacred honor—and which were bought for us with prayers and toils and agonies, and the costly blood of battle-fields. We can best show that we indeed love and value the principles which fought the Revolution, by taking them to live by, and, if needs be, die by; and by making it the labor of our lives to realize them in their broadest and fullest and most practical application. Let such be the lesson we take to our hearts on Independence Day.

MASANIELLO.

We commence this week the publication of "Masaniello; or, Eight Days of Royalty"—a tale translated from the French expressly for our columns, which will be found to possess much vivid and graphic power. It adheres strictly to the historical accounts we have of the famous Neapolitan patriot, only tinting them with that warm glow of imagination which to the colorless character of facts is the glow of life. We rest assured our readers will take profitable pleasure in these pictures of the Past, drawn with such dramatic force and beauty.

COMMODORE STOCKTON IN THE FIELD.—Commodore Stockton has written a long letter to the New Jersey Americans accepting the nomination for the Presidency. He says:

"I accept the nomination as a compliment to my inflexible American sentiments, and as a duty I owe to those Americans who so firmly adhered to their American principles—with the express understanding, however, that if the American party can be united on Mr. Fillmore on such a platform as I now accept, I may be at liberty at any time thereafter to withdraw this acceptance."

He states his platform at great length. Its chief principle is—

"To insist upon the observance, in spirit and in practice, of the Missouri Compromise, notwithstanding its abrogation, demanding that 36 deg. 30 min. should be and remain an impassable barrier to slavery."

None even of the New Jersey papers, as yet advocate the Commodore's cause. They are all either for Buchanan, Fremont or Fillmore. Probably this letter of acceptance is but the mask to some party movement.

INSURANCE.—We take pleasure in recommending to the notice of merchants, property holders, and the public generally, Tucker's Monthly Insurance Journal, a scientific, independent, and general record of Finance, Banks Investment, Speculations, Joint Stock Bodies, and Insurance, published in Philadelphia. We judge it to be a valuable paper for all persons engaged in business, or interested in the institutions or pursuits above named.

THE ENGLISH WAR.

Rumors of a possible war are this week blown at our shores from the cliffs of England. Anyet, however, there seems to be very little reason for seriously apprehending such a disaster as hostilities between the two countries would be. The vaporing of the English newspapers must be taken for little worth. This sort of thing occurs periodically on both sides of the water. It is a necessity with editors to point paragraphs, and indulge in the felicities of declamation, and the Crampton matter does very well for such a purpose. Perhaps the *scribendi cacoethes*—the love of fine writing—is the animating cause of all the very well put and highly rhetorical fume and bluster which our transatlantic editorial brethren at present allow themselves. At anyrate, it will need some far more formidable weapon than the eloquence of newspaper writers to pierce the armor of our imperturbable and philosophic equanimity. Whether the present attitude of our Government as regards Mr. Crampton is just and proper, remains an open question. Mr. Benton thinks it's not. Mr. Toombs thinks it's not. Other equally eminent statesmen hold the contrary opinion. When the smoke of the dispute clears away, we shall be better able to decide—though probably the dispute will be decided before the smoke has cleared away, as such disputes frequently are. At all events, we trust and believe the matter will not find its final settlement in the smoke of the cannon. We hope the common sense of the two nations will avoid so silly and criminal a procedure as this would be. To be sure, the common sense of nations is not an extremely reliable quality. We can account for most of the protracted wars in the world's history, most easily on the supposition that the belligerents were insane. Coleridge said no wiser thing than when he characterized "the present ways of present man" as

"A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile."

Men are very unreasonable and, indeed, reasonless, individuals in periods of public excitement. Any cunning and cold-blooded politician has only to work them into anger to turn them on to the commission of any folly or enormity. It is on record that two of the Italian States once fought furiously—bored each others hearts, and blew out each others brains with exceeding energy—simply because some vagabond soldiers of one stole a cheap bucket from the well of another! Of course more money and more money's worth, to say nothing of the valuable human life money cannot buy, were spent about the twopanny bucket than would have built a cathedral.

Such facts warn us to remember that a war with England is not impossible even about such an uncooked hasty pudding as the Crampton matter. Yet we hope for better things. Great Britain has been termed a nation of shop-keepers, and it certainly seems improbable that she will rashly enter into a conflict whose most immediate effect would be to put up the shutters. The commerce alone between the two nations seem too numerous and necessary to be harshly snapped asunder for any but the most imperative necessity. Manchester and Liverpool will not hear of such a thing without the most decided protest, and we trust the mercantile interests of America will not be less wise. English commerce will, we sincerely believe, upset the present ministry and send the Clarendons and Palmerstons into honorable vacation, before it consents to embroil the two civilizations for the adjustment of a red-tape squabble. Certainly, the commercial barometer indicates fair weather to both countries for sometime to come.

And so may it. The sad earth has witnessed few sadder spectacles than a war between England and America would be. We sicken at the bare possibility of such colossal fratricide. Children of the same Saxon stock—our literature, our law our manners, our social system the same—speaking the same language—with a common freehold in the great homes and great graves of the poets and heroes, the saints and the martyrs of British history—both accepting the mild and beneficent precepts of the same religion—heirs to the same promise—brothers of the one Redeemer, and sons of the one Almighty Father—it seems at once the very acme of irreverence, folly, and impiety, that we should clutch each other's throats on a question of diplomatic etiquette, or on any question whatsoever! It is high time that at least the common sense of the world should be arrayed against the ruinous barbarism of war as a means of settling international difficulties. The practice is utterly foreign to the genius of modern civilization. The day of Fighters should be well over; the day of Merchants should at once be acknowledged. We no longer live in a military but in a monetary Age. Peace is now absolutely the *interest* of all classes. War is hopeless misery to the poor and disaster to the rich. We only suggest the countless hideous horrors, ghastly agonies, and demoniac atrocities that it invariably occasions. It lets ruffiandom loose upon the innocent and defenceless of every degree. It hardens the souls of well-meaning men, and familiarizing them to its occurrence, begets in them the ineradicable instinct for carnage. It will take five hundred years of peace—ay, and twice five hundred, with the best influences of Christianity in their aid—to recover the national character of the French from the bloody and violent instinct for battle which Napoleon gave it when he poisoned its heart with the lust of military glory. The strife of Waterloo has not yet ended. Assuredly, we shall hear it rage and roar before many years pass by. The world waits to see the French and English bayonets lock in that ancient quarrel, and the world will not wait in vain!

But it is putting the matter on a very low plane indeed, to address the merely selfish interests of men. Piety is the grand eternal interest of mankind. It is time for the soldiers of the Prince of Peace to make their supreme appeal to the religious sentiment of Christendom against the brutal wickedness of war. The historic battlefields of old time on which great principles were won from tyrants, are only sanctified in memory by the noble meaning of the heroes who fought them. We reverence earnest conviction, however erroneous we may deem it. It would not, however, be difficult to show that the worthy ends gained always bore the taint of the means that gained them. "Principles are rained in blood," sings the poet. True, they have been; but the blood has deprived them of their chiefest efficacy. But these men thought they were right, and were loyal to their clearest ray of duty. With us it is different. We live in a day when a more penetrant light shines on the records of Christianity. We cherish the memory of saints because they preferred martyrdom to heroism. We acknowledge the irreconcilable difference between the Christian and the heroic spirit. We canonize the memories of the Roman legion, who, becoming Christians, laid down their lives rather than bear arms for the slaughter of their fellow beings. We understand fully the doctrines of Christianity, and see that it is impossible to serve Christ under the plume of Mars. It behooves us, therefore, to actualize our belief, and show mankind that ours is no longer the philosophy or the practice of Paganism. It is strictly incumbent on us to devise some more humane and consistent plan for the settlement of international difficulties than the ordeal of battle. The same confidence we have in the integrity and intelligence of the "twelve good men and true," to whose judgment we commit interests as momentous to us as national interests are to nations, warrants us to commit the latter to a similar adjudication. There is no public question, however intricate or important, that might not better be submitted to a High Court of Nations than to the fickle chances of the gigantic brawl we term war. Whenever we recognize it as a principle that our public disputes are to be referred to the arbitration of a jury of just and true men, whose impartiality and intelligence are to be determined by the same methods we use with any docket of jurymen, and whenever our principle meets with full public recognition and acceptance, we shall, as a result, see no reason to doubt to the verdict of trial by battle. Might is a mere Jeffreys among judges. Right makes wiser and safer decisions.

All this applies to the justice and expediency of war as war between any nations. But it applies with a more peculiar force to the rightfulness and the sense of war between America and England, because these two are not only linked by large commercial interests, strong local sympathies, the affinities of social life, the identity of language, the same habits of thought, the possession of one in the literature and law of the other, but by the most direct bonds of consanguinity. They are, in fact, absolutely blood-relations. Both bear the scars of former battle each with each. Let them be scars forever, subject to the effacing gentleness of Time, but never to open again as wounds, or wear fresh gashes beside them! May both nations ever be brothers, not as Cain and Abel were! Never may "the blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire" flame on either's hill, to cover with the baleful magic of its leaves, ground which should be ever sacred to the white lilies of Peace, or poison the hearts of the children of either shore with its maddening odor. Must we still have quarrels? Then, as the good song says,

"Let those who *make* the quarrels be the only ones to fight."

ARRIVAL OF MR. FILLMORE.

Mr. Fillmore arrived on Sunday night, June 22d, in the Atlantic, and was received by the Committee of the Common Council and the Fillmore Reception Clubs. He made a speech in reply to Alderman Briggs, and another to the crowd in front of the St. Nicholas, where he was stopping as the guest of the city. He was then allowed repose until Wednesday, when he became the centre of a grand civic ovation. In the morning he was visited by a large number of distinguished strangers and citizens. A delegation from Philadelphia, of about one hundred gentlemen, called upon him, headed by the Hon. Mr. Moore, who made a speech welcoming him to these shores again, which was warmly responded to by Mr. Fillmore.

At about 12 o'clock, A. M., Mr. Fillmore, accompanied by the Committee, and followed by the American General Committee, left the hotel, and was received by the throng of people in the streets with tremendous cheers. The flags were waved, the drums rolled, the guard of honor presented arms; the ladies who thronged the balconies and windows of the hotel and houses, on both sides of the street, waved their handkerchiefs and smiled an enthusiastic welcome. Mr. Fillmore entered his carriage, and bowed to the renewed plaudits of the people. His barouche, followed by the other carriages, then filed through the open ranks of the procession, which closed after him. As he proceeded, people poured in through into Broadway, to obtain a glimpse of the honored guest of the city. While passing the clubs, the band struck up, "Hail to the Chief," and "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," others played "Hail Columbia," and the drummers and fifers gave "Yankee Doodle," with enthusiasm.

On entering the Park he was saluted with a discharge of one hundred guns. He there left his carriage, and entered the City Hall. The hall was densely crowded. The Mayor, Fernando Wood, came forward, taking Mr. Fillmore by the hand, and officially welcomed him to the city. He concluded his speech by handing Mr. Fillmore an engrossed copy of the resolutions passed in his honor by the Common Council. Mr. Fillmore replied at length, amidst much enthusiasm. The official reception being then over, the doors were opened, and the people introduced to Mr. Fillmore. Hand-shaking continued for several hours, when Mr. Fillmore re-entered his carriage, and was escorted back to his hotel.

SCHOOLEY'S MOUNTAIN.—Among the many healthy and pleasant places of summer resort, known to our citizens, few, if any, possess greater attractions, either for a fine, invigorating atmosphere, and beauty of natural scenery, or for the character of the visitors who usually make it their summer home, than "Schooley's Mountain," which is now within a short day's ride of our city, and has been since the last season, brought within speaking distance by telegraph.

We perceive that the "Heath House," the largest establishment there, is now in the hands of Mr. Crowell, who was, some years ago, we believe, connected with its management, and who has lately had charge of another large house then called "Belmont Hall." We learn that visitors are already gathering there, and a large resort is anticipated this season. Its elevated and healthy position render it a comparatively safe, as well as a delightful place for a summer's sojourn. We speak understandingly, for we have visited it, and to such as are fond of the country, and country sports, with good living, and good society, we cheerfully say, (and mean it as we say it) "go to the Mountain."

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship Granada arrived at New Orleans on the 26th ultimo, with San Francisco dates to the 5th.

The steamship Illinois had left Aspinwall for New York with $2,250,000 in gold and nine hundred passengers.

The excitement at San Francisco continues unabated. Casey and Cora were hung on the 22nd May. The funeral of Mr. King took place on the same day, and perfect decorum was observed throughout the whole proceedings. The Vigilance Committee had arrested several other desperate characters, including the notorious Yankee Sullivan. On the 1st ult. Sullivan committed suicide in his cell at the Committee rooms, leaving a confession in regard to the election in San Francisco.

On the 2d ult. the opponents of the Vigilance Committee attempted to hold a meeting to denounce the Committee, but it proved a total failure.

The health of San Francisco was good, and business moderately active.

Rumors were circulated that Governor Johnson would call into requisition means to suppress the revolution, but no such steps had yet been taken. These rumors had created much excitement throughout the State, and word had come that 1,000 men were ready to march to the assistance of the Committee. Sacramento also offers to furnish 1,000 men. Martial law has been declared in San Francisco, and the excitement is on the increase. The Committee are determined to carry out their measures, and continue making arrests.

The opposition are organizing with 700 stand of arms, and rumors prevail of an attack on the Committee rooms, which are doubly guarded, with two cannon before the door loaded with grape.

All the papers in San Francisco, except the Herald, side with the Committee.

The Indian hostilities in Oregon have been partially suppressed.

The Costa Rican army has been disbanded. Cholera rages in Nicaragua. Baron Bulow died of the malady during the retreat of the army.

FILLMORE NATIONAL CLUB.—This body had a large and noisy meeting at New York on the 30th ult. A call has been issued by the President, Mr. Van Riper, for a meeting of the American Republican National Club, formerly National Club. The room was full at an early hour. Upon Mr. Van Riper taking the chair to call the meeting to order, a tremendous scene of revolt and confusion ensued. Hisses, groans, oaths, curses, and denunciations were rained upon the President, who vainly endeavored to make himself heard, in order to justify his change of views in favor of the Republican party. Finally, a series of resolutions were proposed and passed with vociferous applause. The resolutions denounced the attempt to transfer the Fillmore and Donelson Club to the support of the Republican Party, and pledged the aid of the Club to sustain the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson. Resolutions were then proposed denouncing Mr. Van Riper, who branded their originator as a liar. A scene of the greatest confusion ensued. Amidst yells and cries of "hustle him out," a rush was made for the place where Van Riper stood. He was instantly surrounded by a few friends, and just then the gas was turned off, leaving the room in total darkness. In about a minute's time the gas was again lighted, and another rush made for the place where Van Riper had stood, when it was discovered that in the temporary darkness he had left the room. A crowd immediately rushed down stairs after him.

The meeting shortly after adjourned tumultuously and paid Mr. Fillmore a visit. That gentleman appeared on the balcony of the Saint Nicholas Hotel, and made a speech which was received with unanimous applause. After hearing other speeches, and shouting vehemently for some time longer, the crowd withdrew.

New Publications.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

We have here the first volumes of the complete duodecimo edition of Dickens now being published by Mr. Peterson. The writings of Dickens have so truly become an integral and a permanent part of Saxon literature that no library, ambitious of deserving the name, can be without them; and there is no household that will not be more glad and genial to have them among the favorites of the book-shelves. For all persons who have thus far omitted to purchase an edition of Dickens on account of the costliness of the issues, these volumes have a special message. Here they are in a strong, handsome, serviceable binding—printed in a clear, large type, on stout, white paper—profusely illustrated with engravings on steel—some fifty to the work—from the original designs by "Phiz" and Cruikshank—engravings, whose graphic and felicitous humor once did as much for the immediate popularity of Pickwick as its own intrinsic merit has since done for its permanent fame—and these volumes are afforded to the public at the cost of only a dollar and a quarter each. The ensuing volumes of the series, including "Little Dorrit" and all after works, will follow rapidly, in the same style, and at the same price. No better opportunity has ever been offered for obtaining a cheap and elegant edition of the works of one of the most famous writers of the age.

Need we at this late day say a single word in the praise of works whose strong hold on all hearts is their highest eulogy? The memories we all have of Dickens's books are not like the pictures on the walls of Pompeii, needing some artifice to make the faded colors start out again in their former hues. They still retain all their early freshness and beauty, undimmed by the lapse of years. Who does not still hold those first genial feelings—that original outburst of recognition and delighted sympathy—which welcomed the marvellous and merry company that came pouring in gay profusion from the pictured pages of Pickwick, in a year gone by? Who has ever tired of that unflagging hilarity, that abundant humor, those broad and genial characterizations, those wonderful delineations of the multiform and manifold phases of our common life, those exhaustless combinations of incident and oddity, which prevail throughout the entire production. That crowd of characters, Pickwick and Winkle, Tupman and Snodgrass, Jingle and the Fat Boy, Sergeant Buzfuz and Mrs. Bardell, Tony Weller and the inimitable Sam, and a hundred more—how human they are—how much a part of all our lives—how secure in their homely immortality? Nobody remembers them without pleasure; nobody tires of their company; nobody finds them dull or stale upon long acquaintanceship.

Hannah More, it has been said, instructed princes. Dickens has taught the people. The sterling and tender humanity of his works is his own peculiar laurel. How many a hide-bound intellect owes to him its first release into a broad and true sympathy with Man! How many a torpid soul has been quickened by his sunshine into life, and come out into the consciousness that this is a world of fellow-beings with whom we have relations not to be ignored, and to whom we owe duties not to be neglected. His works prove what Tennyson so aptly sings:—

"High wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
That Truth, in closest words shall fall,
When Truth, embodied in a tale,
Shall enter in at lowly doors."

For Dickens did not invent the assertion of that fellow-feeling we call Humanity. It existed in other forms of literature before he was born. It was old as the thousand years of the Saxon age; yea, old as all the Ages. Latimer and Chillingworth, South and Blair and Hooker, Sterne and Brooke and Day, Crabbe and Cowper and Burns, Burke and Fox and Wilberforce, and many a divine and poet and novelist and states man besides, had it all before him. But he popularized it. He gave it its first wide and practical application. It had had its narrow audiences before; embodied in his tales, it entered in at mill ons of lowly doors.

It is true that the Pickwick Papers are rather human than humanitary. But even in these—the brilliant and jocund cloud-sceneries of his dawn—gleam the first rays of that light which has since poured over the continents. Remember the touching scenes of the poor debtors' prison, the episode of the dying clown, the story of Heyling, the numerous touches of true pathos throughout the work, prefiguring the sad, sweet glory that was yet to come. These indicated the deeper and truer nature which was in the man, behind the mere fun and caricature. These were the tenderer lineaments which made the comic mask sublime and human. The merriment and the humor, as with drum and trumpet, summoned the thoughtless, world-wide audience to his booth; once there, he had something more to do than merely make them laugh. Every subsequent work attests that he has done it. He has taught many a noble and lasting lesson to his time. His influence has percolated through the masses for a good which only the analyst of society in a future age can determine. He has laughed down and talked down some insolent barriers of social class and caste; struck sturdily with English common sense at many an old abuse and time-honored wrong; pierced many a sham and folly, star-and-gartered, bag wigged, and begowned with custom and privilege; made men less infidels to Adam and to God, and helped to place them on the natural level of their human brotherhood. He has turned, and still turns, that rising and indomitable tide of righteous feeling into the Augean stable of English politics and life, which shall yet purify it, or else sweep it and its abominations away. He has lent the grace and glimmer of romance to our common daily lives. He has made us more thoughtful, more loving, and more human. He has bidden us look, not on the worst side, but on the best side of each other. He has beautified and strengthened the ties of kindred, and family and home; sweetened our consciousness of life, and elevated our thoughts of death. Most of all, he has spoken brave and tender words for the suffering and the poor, and made it the purpose of his literary life to attend to the neglected and to remember the forgotten. These services secure him no bounded fame, no merely local gratitude. England may have a just and glorious pride in him; but she cannot claim him as all her own. Whoever helps the cause of human advancement and better being anywhere, helps it everywhere; and Charles Dickens belongs to the world and to all time.

THE BRITISH POETS. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. For sale by C. G. Henderson & Co., Phila.

Two volumes of Herrick's poems, and one of Shakspeare's, belonging to the admirable series of the British Poets now in process of publication by Messrs. Little & Brown. We say again with the utmost sincerity, that we have never seen an edition which can compare with this for simple elegance, serviceableness, cheapness, and indeed every quality which makes a book, mechanically speaking, desirable. It is an absolute pleasure even to look at the clear black type and the fair white paper, with its delicate, creamy tint, not to mention the luxuriant poems of Shakspeare, and the "creame and clarret" fancies of dainty Robert Herrick, which crown with "measureless content" the mechanical charms of these volumes.

THE OLD VICARAGE. By Mrs. Hubback. W. P. Fetridge & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The novel which appears under this above title, is written with power and beauty, and inculcates, or rather suggests, a noble moral. The reader will follow with interest the story of Hilary Duncan through pages of pleasure and sadness to its calm close.

[illegible] Biographical Memoir, by Orson S. Fowler. Redfield, New York. For sale by C. Desilver, Philadelphia.

Here is a volume of selections from the writings of one of the bravest and gentlest of all the English humorists—he who laughed away so many a rooted prejudice, and laid so many an arrogant and stubborn folly and falsehood prone, "shot through and through with cunning words." The world hardly knows as yet how much it owes to Sydney Smith. His life was full of the truest services to truth, to liberty, to society, and to humanity of either sex and of every degree. Strange, that there should be even one man who can look back at his grave with any other feeling than reverence. Yet we read every day the bitter flings and sneers of contemporary presses, making revengeful reprisal upon his memory, because he once wrote an article on America, which was certainly eminent for its fairness, and more noticeable for its praise than for its blame of us and our institutions. The criticisms which that article contained were, we undertake to say, just and true, and well-deserved at the time they were penned. But supposing they were not—it would be still unfair and unkind to pass by all the generous eulogy Sydney Smith had lavished on America—to forget that grand generalization of our nationality he made, when he termed it "a magnificent spectacle of human happiness," and notice only his censure. It seems little and mean to ignore all the intellectual worth and the kindly virtues of the man, and, remembering only the criticisms he made on us, pause to revile him for having made them. How pitiful is this braggart rage at the breath of a foreign epigram! How absurd this perpetual sensitiveness to what is said of us under the shadow of Temple Bar! How ludicrous and how lamentable this arrogance of social and political perfection continually implied in the speeches so many of us Americans are so fond of making! Any intelligent peacock would hesitate to show vanity for such imperfect causes as commonly excite that despicable vice in many of our patriotic bosoms.

—"There's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility"—

and there is nothing so becomes a nation. We forget to remember this, and we also remember to forget that humility is an unfailing concomitant of all real greatness and grandeur. Why, at the time Sydney Smith rebuked our Yankee sky-rocketing and universal Yankee-nation-Chanticleering, with the quiet questions: "Who reads an American book?—who goes to an American play?—who looks at an American picture and statue?"—and other questions far more searching—who did do any of these things? Because one might suppose by the yells of wounded self-conceit which screeched through thousands of our newspapers for years after the criticism, that we had had Shakspeare, and Milton, and Scott, and Dickens, Kemble, and Siddons, and Betterton, Chantrey, and Lawrence, and Turner, and everything and everybody that was eminent in any or all of the arts and sciences put together, and that Sydney Smith had libelled us by hinting that we hadn't! Whereas the fact was, that in literature we had only Brockden Brown's novels, their marvellous merit not then, or now, fully recognized anywhere; Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, read in a narrow circle; and Irving's works, not then risen into fame. We had produced no great actor; our greatest painters were Stuart, West, and Malbone, whose excellence was but comparative, and had no world-wide echo; sculptors we had none; and all our artistic, literary, and other merit was but an offshoot on the ripe bough of English polity and life. How absurd then, in the first place, our boastful superlatives of self-adulation, and how much more absurd that we should have got black in the face with spite, because we could not prove our claims to the possession of what are always the late, rare, crowning flowers of a civilization!

But no matter. Other pens than ours have sufficiently punctured our national bag of brag, and the wind will all get out one of these days, and leave us sensible. Meanwhile, let us recommend to each other this excellent and judiciously selected volume which Mr. Duyckinck has prepared. He has skimmed for us the very cream of Sydney Smith's writings. Nobody will regret the time he gives to the manly thought, the intelligent criticism, the glancing wit, the sunny wisdom, the boundless good-nature, the health and the hilarity of this volume. A memoir of the author which precedes the selections is written with much felicity and a thorough knowledge of its subject, and with its reminiscence and pungent anecdote adds much to the general merit of the book.

THE TANGLETOWN LETTERS. By the author of "Records of the Babbleton Parish." Wesner, McKim & Co., Buffalo. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

The Tangletown Letters are written with great talent, but are very unequal. Some of the burlesque provokes us with its palpable injustice. The fault of the author's mind is its proclivity to let a really rich and delicious humor degenerate into a distorted and spasmodic caricature. The book has so much merit that its faults rise to the dignity of a sound critical drubbing. It has in many parts a noble humanitary feeling; in others, a true and quiet pathos; in others again, a real dramatic and pictorial power; some skill in characterization, too; and "'tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true" that these excellencies are obscured by the tangled, riotous mesh of mad caricature which enwinds them.

We expect better things of the genius which has already written so much that is worthy in the Tangletown Letters.

THE DAISY CHAIN; OR, ASPIRATIONS. A Family Chronicle. By the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," "Heartsease," etc. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

The character of some books may be determined at a glance with the utmost certainty; and this is one of them. To be sure, the name of the Messrs. Appleton is an imprimatur on any work. The firm seldom, if ever, makes mistakes. Their sign on the title-page of a volume is strong presumptive evidence of its excellence. But a glance into the pages of this good and genial novel was the second proof we had of its worth *before* our reading gave us the final assurance. We can commend it cordially to our readers as a source of genuine pleasure. It has power, dramatic interest, home-like beauty, and is written with spirit and grace. Its purpose is excellent, and its manner unaffected and pleasing.

THE CAPTAIN ROUTLEDGE. By Mrs. MARSH. Published and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Marsh is well known to the novel-reading world by the true excellence of "Emilia Wyndham," and "Two Old Men's Tales." She stands in the van of the second division of the female novelists with Grace Aguilar, Mrs. Gore, Miss Austen, Miss Pickering, and the rest. The present tale has much merit and interest. It unfolds a story of womanly self-sacrifice—a theme which Mrs. Marsh has touched before, and loves.

THE WIFE'S TRIALS. A Novel. By the author of "The Jealous Wife." Fetridge & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

☞ Mr. Punch presents his compliments to Mr. Bowyer, and having been much interested by the discussion which Mr. Bowyer has been carrying on with Mr. Drummond with respect to the dispensing power of the Pope, begs to ask him, whether he is of opinion that His Holiness can dispense with the services of the French and Austrian troops!—*Punch.*

☞ "Blessings on the man," quoth Sancho Panza, "who first invented sleep." Let us add another "blessing" that he didn't prevent the general use of his invention by taking out a patent for it.—*Boston Post.*

☞ "There are three things," said Confucius, "to beware of through life. When a man is young, let him beware of his appetites; when middle aged of his passions; and, when old, of covetousness."

The Military Academy at West Point.

A newspaper correspondent says:

The number of pupils at present in the institution is 210, and of these about one-sixth will graduate at the close of this term. The examination so far has been very creditable to the proficiency of the different classes, and it is expected that there will be fewer cases of deficiency to report than in any former year. The course of study comprises engineering, mathematics, ethics, philosophy, mineralogy, geology, French, infantry tactics, English studies, artillery, cavalry tactics, chemistry, and drawing. The ordeal to which the student is subjected before he is permitted to graduate, is necessarily severe, in conformity with the requirements of military law. The process, however, does not differ materially from the mode of examination pursued in our colleges and other higher institutions of learning, but the dress, the manner, the bearing of the students and professors, give to the annual examination of the Military Academy a character peculiar to itself.

The Cadets are dressed in the gray coat worn by the officers in the regular service, white pants, and the common military cap, with large vizor. The examination is conducted in the library, which is one of the finest in the country, and contains over seventeen thousand volumes. Among these are the best works on military science, by American, French and English authors. As the French are perhaps the most advanced nation in Europe in the knowledge of tactics and the profession of arms generally, their works are regarded among the highest authorities. In the engineering department, particularly, they occupy a high rank, and have made many important additions to it during the last half century. While France has made the greatest progress in the art of war, England has actually retrograded, and her writers, with very few exceptions, are not considered reliable autnorities, and occupy a comparatively limited space in this library.

The same correspondent describes the sword exercise of the Cadets as follows:

The Cadets who are about to engage in the exercise have undergone a complete metamorphosis in dress. The gray coat is replaced by a jacket, one-half only of which is composed of cloth, the other half being made of thick leather. The leather protects the right breast, the part exposed to the foil, while the right hand is protected by a thick leather glove, resembling that used in sparring exhibitions. The face is guarded by a mask, and the neck by a collar, so that no part of the right side of the body is exposed. Then, to render accidents still less possible, the point of the foil is covered with a button.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, however, accidents do sometimes occur, and one of a fatal character happened a few years ago. The button of one of the foils was broken off in the heat of fencing, and it was not discovered before the point had gone through the mask, entered the eye, and pierced the brain of the opposing fencer. On this occasion, however, the exercise passed off without the slightest accident, and the audience were well repaid for the hour which they spent in looking at it. The number of Cadets who are dressed in the fencing suit is about twenty four, and as we enter the room, we find them in a group, some chatting, and others examining and trying the temper of their foils. At the word of command from the Professor, they take their position, measure their distance from each other by the length of their foils, and with their weapons grasped firmly in their right hands, their right sides turned towards each other, leaving their left as little exposed as possible, they prepare for the encounter. Now they cross foils, and the twelve on one side make a simultaneous movement forward with their weapons, each striking the point against the breast of his opponent. The same movement is made by the opposing rank, and in this way they go through the different parts of the exercise alternately. This is followed by the single combat, or trial of skill, in which the best fencers are generally presented.

The combatants are each, we believe, allowed to select his opponent, and must now depend upon their own prowess, as the Professor has assumed the character of a simple spectator. The auditors exhibit a renewed interest as the rival fencers select their position, measure the distance between them, and go through the other preliminaries. Even the officers, who have been somewhat indifferent spectators of the exercises up to this time, are now as attentive as the audience. The combatants have crossed swords, and this one on the right has made a thrust, which is parried with admirable dexterity. His antagonist now attempts the same feat, but his foil is turned aside before the point touches the breast and he is put on the defensive. And so they continue with varying success, until, by a dexterous twist of the hand, as well as superior strength of the arm, one of the foils is lying on the ground, and one of the combatants stands disarmed.

He recovers it immediately, however, and rendered more watchful and guarded, he seeks to regain his lost honor. Twice he has attempted to reach the breast of his opponent, and twice he has failed, but the third time he succeeds—he has made a hit—"a palpable hit," and is preparing to follow up his success, when he is met by a reverse. He has made another thrust, but it is parried with a quickness and dexterity that almost stagger him, and before he can regain his self possession, his antagonist is in upon him, and strikes his leather jerkin under the arm with such precision and force that the foil is doubled up so that the point and the hilt almost meet. This ends the combat, and the combatants, perspiring from every pore with the excitement and heat of the exercise, retire, and their place is taken by two others.

And he thus speaks of the domestic regulations of the institution:

In the domestic regulations of the Military Academy the same discipline is observable, and everything is governed by certain rules. There are certain hours for every thing, and the day is divided into so many parts, each having its separate division of the work. The Cadet's room can lay no claims to elegance, but it contains everything that is needful to a soldier, and if it cannot boast of rosewood, or even of mahogany, it is the very perfection of order and neatness. There is a table, three or four chairs, according to the number of the occupants, a clothes press, a washstand, two buckets, three or four iron bedsteads and the various other articles which are indispensable to housekeeping. That the occupants may not plead ignorance as an excuse for neglect of the regulations for the arrangement of furniture, a lithographed copy is posted on the inside of the door. The maxim which this is intended to inculcate is, that there is a place for everything and that everything should be in its place. Here is one of the rules in regard to bedding, which every housekeeper would do well to study.

"Mattress to be folded once. Sheets, blankets, and comforters to be neatly and separately folded, so that the folds shall be of the width of an ordinary pillow, and piled at the head of the bed in the following order, viz., mattress, sheets, pillow, blankets, and comforters. The front edge of this pile to be vertical."

There are also regulations in regard to tooth brushes, combs, as well as shaving materials, collars, gloves, handkerchiefs, and so on through the whole list. In addition to all this, the floor is not be stained or disfigured, and, to ensure an easy compliance with, or obedience to this rule, the Cadets are prohibited from smoking or chewing. To see that these regulations are strictly carried out the quarters are visited every morning by an officer appointed for the purpose, and all cases of neglect are reported by him.

☞ Who I can't talk sense; I talk metaphor.—*Curran.*

Life in Paris.

THE INUNDATIONS—CANINE DEVOTION—A SUGGESTION TOO LATE—A STRUGGLE FOR TICKETS—SUCCESS OF EXHIBITION—ANIMAL CURIOSITIES—A NOISY ASSEMBLAGE—THE CHARMS OF MUSIC.

PARIS, June 9, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The unparalleled inundations mentioned in my last are still the leading topic of the day. Until the waters have entirely subsided, it will be impossible to compute the loss of property thus occasioned; but this cannot amount to less than a good many millions of dollars. The number of lives lost cannot yet be stated; as to the disease that must inevitably follow in the train of such a catastrophe, we shall know about *that* next autumn.

The Emperor's visit to the principal points of the inundation has undoubtedly given great satisfaction to the inhabitants. He walked his horse for miles through the water, where fordable, in order to judge for himself of the ravages that had been occasioned; and distributed, with his own hands, a large amount of money among the poorest and most destitute.—According to the *Moniteur*, it would appear that the whole country was in ecstacy at sight of the sovereign, and the entire population wild with gratitude and loyalty. Unhappily, official statements must, in this country at any rate, be received with a good deal of reserve, especially when they profess to recount the attitude of the masses towards the singular personage now upon the throne. But from information I have gathered from private and perfectly authentic sources, I am convinced that the unexpected appearance of the chief of the State on the scene of the disaster, did really call forth very warm manifestations of gratification from the inhabitants. It was impossible to behold the ruin and misery of the scene, the falling houses, the vast heaps of sodden rubbish, full of furniture, linen, planks, portions of trees, &c., all mixed up in a most incredible manner, the silent despair of the thousands of ruined and homeless families, without being most vividly and painfully impressed by the sight. Louis Napoleon, who is, as all assert who know him, kind-hearted and compassionate, was greatly affected; and an eye-witness of his progress through some of the worst parts of the submerged quarters of Lyons, assures me that he was not only excessively pale, but that tears frequently were seen coursing one another down his usually impassible face.

The greatest exertions have been made by the authorities, the richer citizens, the hospitals, and religious bodies, to rescue and shelter the victims of the flood; also to shelter and feed the crowds of people thus deprived of their homes, and of all means of subsistence. The churches and charitable institutions, in the quarters not attacked by the flood, are crowded, and private citizens are mentioned who have sheltered and fed from sixty to three hundred of these unfortunate fellow-townsmen. Indeed, the journals are crowded with instances of generosity and bravery, many of which are exceedingly touching, and prove that, despite the prevalent egotism of the day, the better feelings of human nature have not lost their empire. Many devoted and courageous men have, unhappily, lost their own lives in their endeavors to save those of others; several women, too, have greatly distinguished themselves by their energy and success in rescuing those whom the waters were swallowing up. Nor has the dog, that faithful auxiliary of the human race, been idle in the midst of this catastrophe. One noble animal, a spaniel, belonging to a family at Lyons, has saved no less than eleven persons from drowning; another is mentioned as having, by his barking and scratching, awakened the family of his master, as the rapidly rising tide surrounded his dwelling; a third, planted on a pile of ruins, from which neither coaxing nor threats could get him away, had been scratching for days among the rubbish, uttering the most plaintive howls. It is supposed that his master must be buried under the rubbish; but this will only be ascertained, as in too many similar cases, when the fallen houses are cleared away.

Besides the two millions voted, as stated in my last, by the Legislative Chamber, a public subscription has been headed by the Empress, and is swelling rapidly the resources destined to alleviate in some degree, the sufferings caused by this frightful calamity. A Russian Prince, now in Paris, has just contributed $200 to the fund; the English residents here are subscribing largely, and whatever private zeal and charity can do, will do doubt be cheerfully and promptly done. But all these helps, it is to be feared, will go but a very short way toward repairing so enormous and wide-spread a disaster.

On his return from Lyons, the Emperor, it appears, intimated his wish that the million of francs the city is about to expend in fire-works, &c., at baptism of the little prince, should be appropriated to the relief of the sufferers. But the preparations are unfortunately, so far advanced, that it is impossible to adopt the suggestion. So, while five of the richest Departments of France are slowly drying themselves, and counting up the terrible total of their losses, the capital will be putting on a holiday dress, and making believe that it feels in a very rejoicing frame of mind, despite the regret and anxiety of the moment.

As only 3,000 persons will be admitted into Notre Dame on Saturday next, you may imagine the tremendous difficulty of getting tickets. Still fewer will be admitted to the banquet at the Hotel de Ville, and the unfortunate authorities in whose hands lies the destination of the coveted tickets of invitation, are besieged on all hands in the most overwhelming manner. As for the procession to the Cathedral, on which occasion the coronation-carriages will be used by the court, as Paris always turns itself inside out for a spectacle, no matter how much or how little its occasion may square with the popular sentiment, the whole city will of course come together to witness its passage.

The interest manifested by the Parisians in the magnificent Exhibition described in my last, far exceeds all that had been anticipated on the subject. The authorities, probably from fear of the effect which too dense a cramming of the building might have upon the health of the valuable animals committed to their care, are understood to have decided against the appointment of a "four-sous day;" and the entrance fee remains permanently fixed at one franc.

The Parisians are but beginning to look upon a payment of this kind as something else than an interference with their imprescriptible right of exercising their optics *gratis* on whatever may be to be seen. They have been so long used to the habit of free admission to Exhibitions, that they are always cross of having to pay the smallest admission-fee to anything of the sort. But despite this angry, and very unreasonable, dislike of paying for their admission the building is crowded day after day; yesterday, (Sunday being always the great day for sight-seeing in this country,) the admissions fell very little short 50,000.

Nothing can exceed the astonishment of the public at the magnificent cattle sent by the English exhibitors. Their enormous size, the skill with which the development of flesh has been carried on, the less useful elements of bone and fat, being proportionably reduced, seem little short of miraculous to the French, accustomed to the thin and bony animals whose inferior meat only the skill of the French cooks could render eatable. The mountainous forms of the Durhams—some of which are covered with short, soft fur, as white as milk, so delicate that the bright pink of the skin shows through like rosy silk under white muslin—the beautiful little Alderneys, famed for the abundance and richness of their milk, the enormous size, and sleekness of the Herefords, excite alike their admiration.

But though England is undoubtedly ahead of all her rivals, Austria, Saxony, France, and Switzerland have varieties which, especially in the bovine and porcine tribes, come very nearly up to her mark; in some instances,—as in the case of the merino sheep from Austria—surpassing their British analogues.

I wish I could set before your readers the magnificent Austrian cashmere goat, a proud and splendid fellow, with white silkly ringlets hanging nearly to the ground, a beard little short of a yard long, mild yet proud eyes, and a pair of superb curled horns, which must measure, with their circumvolutions little less than a yard in length, a clean, taper black and white face, and a most intelligent expression.

To give you some idea of the curious animals to be seen in this, the first international Cattle show, that our "slow" little planet has ever got together, I must mention four magnificent draught oxen, of fabulous size and strength, with straight horns, more than a yard long, and inclined outwards at such violent angles, that the distance between them, from tip to tip, measures somewhat over seven feet, sent by the Hungarian Countess Petronella Czaky-Csaky; Yorkshire sows, weighing over 11 cwt.; Austrian hogs, measuring 9 feet from snout to tail (tail not included!) stout and strong in proportion, and very ferocious withal; and English-Austrian sheep, with broad, flat, "tabular" backs, over five feet long, and over two in width across the hind-quarters.

An assortment of various races of small English pigs, mere little living balls of grease, in which all natural pig form has been so far obliterated, that you can hardly make out the head from the tail, also excites great amusement and wonder.

The Disbley and Leicester sheep, were vast shaking masses of short, fine wool; the coarser but enormously long wool of the black-faced Highlanders; the prolific Saxon ewes, 6 of which are shown in one pen, with 26 young ones by them produced at a single lambing; and a host of other varieties, of all countries, far "too numerous to mention," arrest the steps of the visitors at every turn.

Admirable as are the arrangements adopted, the poor animals suffer greatly from heat and confinement. Every day one sees a larger number of empty pens, whose occupants have been trotted off to the infirmary, or are being walked up and down by their keepers under the trees.

Several valuable animals have succumbed already; and one of the finest English bulls, a magnificent black brute that has taken over a dozen prizes at local shows, was suddenly seized with a fit of rage or panic, as the Empress, in her little wheel-chair, passed by his stall, broke his chain, and scaled the palings in a twinkling, and was preparing to run-a-muck among the terrified visitors, when he was knocked down and despatched by the keepers.

The rabbits and poultry are equally interesting in their way. The former are of enormous size, and many of them show a long, soft fur, that might, one would think, be used for textile purposes.

As to the poultry, the fowls of every kind, from the self-conceited, pretty little bantam, to the gigantic Cochin-China and Brahma-poutra, on which a dozen men might dine, and of which Henri Quatre must surely have had a prophetic intuition when he wished that "every poor man in the land had a fowl in his pot;" from the delicate guineas, pigeons, and pheasants, to the monstrous turkeys, the ducks as big as geese, and the geese as big as ordinary swans, I should need treble the space allotted me even to enumerate their varieties and merits.

And the magnificent peacocks! These haughty favorites of the Queen of Olympus are placed in a gilded circular aviary, all by themselves, each pair, and in some cases, each bird, occupying a piece-of-pie-shaped segment of the same. One of these presents the most gorgeous mass of lustrous coloring it is possible to imagine; and paces proudly and slowly about his pen, scarcely damaging the long starry tail which seems almost too heavy for him to carry. He is the glory of the group. His next neighbor was a formidable rival when he first came; but being restless, has beaten his poor tail so violently against the walls of his cell, that there is not a single eye left in it! He is, indeed, a melancholy wretch. Near him is a very rare creature, a splendid white peacock; white as the driven snow, and of most majestic sweep of tail.

The racket made by the birds are past description; the cocks seem literally to go wild with fury whenever one of their number crows a louder crow than the rest; and the whole lot go at it screeching their abominable "cock-a-doodle-doo!" louder than ever. Turkeys, guineas, and bantams all contribute to swell the din, and above it all is heard the hideous screech of the peacocks and the lion-like roar of Cochins and Brahma-poutras. It is absolutely deafening, and could not be borne without danger to the tympans of the guests were the noisy creatures anywhere but in the open air.

The animals are much quieter; they lie puffing and panting, for the most part, on the litter of their stalls, looking plaintively out of the corners of their eyes at the crowds around them, evidently contrasting the neighborhood of their visages with that of the trees and bushes of their native pastures, in a way anything but flattering to the former.

The Swiss herdsman, in their national costume, when not occupied in playing cards in an empty pen, comfortably lolling on the straw, ring the bells, and play their mountain airs on their horns, to keep their beloved cows from being home-sick.

QUANTUM.

PROPOSED TREATY WITH ENGLAND.—The President, on June 24th, communicated to the Senate, in response to a resolution, a copy of the instructions of Mr. Buchanan, late Minister to England, on the subject of the invitation to the British Government to enter into a Treaty similar to that between Russia and the United States, recognizing the principle in favor of neutral commerce, that free ships make free goods, those contraband of war excepted, and that the goods of a friend captured on board the vessels of an enemy, with the like exception, shall not be subject to confiscation; and furthermore, that the parties shall apply these principles to the commerce and navigation of all such powers and States as shall consent to adopt them, on their part, as permanent and immutable.

Mr. Marcy, among other things, says that France was likewise invited to enter into a similar Treaty, and that he apprehended no serious objection, excepting from Great Britain, and "but for her resistance to the principle that the neutral flag protects property which it covers, if it be not contraband of war, it would long ago have been regarded as a well-established rule of international law. She has impliedly admitted its justice, by adopting it as the guide of her conduct in the present war with Russia. If it is fair towards neutrals to act upon it now, it will be difficult for her to devise good reason for not observing it in all future wars."

In presenting this subject to Lord Clarendon, August 30th, 1855, Mr. Buchanan says: It is scarcely necessary to observe that the present proposal does not proceed from any apprehension that Great Britain will ever hereafter reverse the precedent she has so recently established. It has been solely dictated by a desire to give to the principle of Her Majesty's declaration the solemn sanction of both Governments, and thus, by their combined influence, to recommend the adoption of them to other nations of the civilized world.

No response from France or England accompanied the President's Message.

THE CAMELS.—It has become quite a common sight to see camels and dromedaries marching through our streets. The camels are now employed in carrying government freight from Powder Horn to the depot. They carry the enormous weight of 1,600 pounds, and with the greatest ease. The sight of them stampedes all the horses and mules that come within sight of them. They are certainly not handsome creatures. A horse, in a brisk trot, can scarcely keep up with the camels when in a walk. They apparently go slow, with their long-measured tread, but in reality they are moving rapidly.—*Texas Paper.*

HONORABLE SCENE.—We learn from the Baton Rouge Advocate of the 20th of May, that Wilson, a soldier of the U. S. army, stationed at that place, suffered the penalty of death by hanging, for the murder of a fellow soldier. He met his fate calmly, but did not deny the murder. His wife was in his cell screaming, during the execution, as though her heart would break.

Letter from England.

LONDON AT PEACE—ART EXHIBITIONS—ANNUAL FRENCH EXHIBITION—VALUE OF PICTURES—ROSA BONHEUR'S "HORSE FAIR"—AN ARTIST'S STRUGGLES—GENIUS VERSUS CIRCUMSTANCES.

LONDON, June 6, 1856.

Messrs. Eds. Sat. Eve. Post:

At length the noise and fuss of the peace celebrations have passed away to the relief of all quiet people. The zealous peace lovers, who having once got up their lamps and devices instead, persisted with true British obstinacy, in rekindling them night after night, and so keeping up a series of comical little private illuminations here and there for several days, and the steady going grumblers who, with an energy equally British, have been abusing both Government and people for throwing away $200,000 on fireworks and illuminations, have both subsided into repose. The endless wagon loads of "debris" have been transported from the parks, and all London is at length at liberty to think, and smell of something beside gas and gunpowder. The great objects of interest at present are the different Art Societies which are now all holding their annual exhibitions, and one of the most interesting of these is the "Third Annual Exhibition of the French School of the Fine Arts now being held at the Gallery, 121 Pall Mall. England is, beyond all comparison, the most liberal patron of the fine arts in a pecuniary point of view in Europe, a fact very well known to all Continental natives, whatever their opinion of the artistic nature of British genius may be, and the French Exhibition is the result of the efforts made by an enterprising Frenchman residing in London, M. Gambart, the Director of the affair, to organize a definite method of making the English public acquainted with French artists, and thus enabling the latter to take advantage of the more liberal patronage of their wealthy neighbors. For this purpose M. Gambart organized a committee of French jurors in Paris, to whom all pictures for exhibition are forwarded, and who select from the numerous specimens sent, all those which they judge worthy the cost of transportation and insurance, the Society being responsible for the expenses. All pictures accepted by the French jurors are forwarded to the English Committee of Arrangements in London, comprising among others well known in the world of art, the names of Stanfield and Maclise, two of the first English painters. So far, the result of M. Gambart's exertions have been very satisfactory to the artists and himself, the pictures being almost all sold, and the receipts of the Exhibition being very large. The selection of specimens is usually very good, and the first French artists are contributors, so that the Exhibition, which is held simultaneously with those of the Academy of Fine Arts, the Water Color Society, and other English institutions of the same kind, affords an interesting opportunity of comparing the works of the best artists of the two countries, and the difference of the national characters and tastes is nowhere more strikingly displayed. Two points in which the French excel are in the drawing, which has all the exactitude and clearness that distinguish the nation in art and science, and the excellent dramatic effect of their pictures, their grouping and general arrangement and expression. Their coloring is much darker and quieter than that of the English school, much more than that of the old masters, from which modern English artists, with the Pre-Raphaelites at their head, systematically depart.—The present Exhibition comprises about 350 pictures, among which are specimens by Rosa Bonheur, Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, Trow, Saint Jean, Biard, Gudin, &c., some of them very fine, though there is no one grand attraction, such as the Horse Fair of Rosa Bonheur was last year.

There is no more characteristic feature of the French school, as compared to the English, than the difference of the subjects which the two nations select—the French delighting in social scenes, just as the English do in landscapes. In place of the "Views in Wales," "Studies in Scotland," "Scenes from the Lakes," &c., which form so large a portion of any English collection, the French Exhibition offers innumerable small pictures, of subjects in everyday life, "The Music Lesson," "The Honeymoon," "The Coffee," "The Invitation to Dinner," "Family Prayers," "The Kitchen," "Boudoir in the Time of Louis XIV.," &c. Many of them are full of life and character, and, to judge from the way in which they sell, are very much appreciated by the English public. Indeed, in the whole collection there are hardly half-a-dozen purely landscape pieces, even where the picture professes to be a landscape, the scene is generally entirely subordinate to some more loving interest—"The Hunt," "Haystacks on Fire," "Peasants in the Wood," &c., are the nearest approach to landscape painting.

The prices of the pictures are generally liberal, though of course varying according to the name of the artist, for example, a pair of pictures by Biard, in his humorous style, "French Travellers in England," and "English Travellers in France," about thirty inches by twenty, are valued at £100 a piece; while the small pictures before described, sell very readily at prices varying, according to their merit, from £10 to £50.

Rosa Bonheur's great picture of the Horse Fair, which is now being exhibited to the public by the picture dealer who bought it last year for £2,000, is a rival attraction to the French Exhibition. It is certainly a magnificent work, and has created a sensation among artists and picture-lovers in England such as has rarely been equalled. The subject is, as the name of the picture indicates, a group of horses, fifteen or twenty in number, of every kind, who are being exhibited by peasants, groups of spectators occupying a rising ground at the side of the picture, while the background is filled by an old church and rather Flemish looking country scene. But such wonderful horses certainly have hardly ever existed on canvass before. The vigorous life and movement of the piece is almost startling. The noble black horse rearing in the centre, in spite of the efforts of his sturdy guide to restrain him, looks, with his wild flashing eyes and free limbs, as though he would bound from the frame, while the majestic roan, with long flowing mane, advancing with a sort of dignified composure, from behind, the little obstinate pony trotting steadily at his side, the magnificent gray horses below the trees, most wonderfully decked with light and shadows, are all equally admirable, and a stout cart-horse in the corner, ridden by a peasant boy, fairly makes one's bones ache by the way in which his heavy, pig trot seems to shake his rider. The dusty air, the shadows of the bank, the attitudes of the peasants, everything is given with a marvellous reality. This picture has made Rosa Bonheur in England, as in France, one of the most celebrated of living artists. She is expected shortly in London, on her way to Scotland, where she will pass the summer in the Highlands, on a sketching expedition. The interest excited by the works of Rosa Bonheur is not diminished by her history, which is a most striking exemplification of the irresistible force of genius. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was a painter, whose labors were too ill rewarded to enable him to provide adequately for his numerous family. Rosa, the eldest child, showed early a strong inclination for art, but her father, dreading for her the struggles he had himself experienced, apprenticed her as seamstress; it was impossible to oblige her to follow a vocation so distasteful. By a great effort, her father then placed her at a fashionable school, but here she was mortified by the unfeeling contempt of her wealthier companions, and at length her father, yielding to her irresistible desire to devote herself to art, took her home as his pupil. From that time she gave herself up with the most intense devotion to her studies. The whole family lived almost in penury, in a little apartment in the story of a house in the Rue Rumford, and from thence Rosa sallied daily, sometimes to spend the day drawing in the Louvre, sometimes leaving the city, with a piece of bread in her pocket; she made journies on foot into the fields, to sketch the animals, or even spent whole days in the great slaughter-houses of Roule, undaunted by the repulsiveness of the same, studying the forms and anatomy of the cattle. At the age of 17 she determined to become exclusively a painter of animals, and in 1841, when about 19 years of age her first pictures were admitted to the Annual Exhibition. From that time her reputation began, and increased so rapidly, that when her father died in 1849, she succeeded to his post of Government Director of the Female School of Design, and supported her numerous family of young brothers and sisters by her art. From that time, her path has been steadily brightening, and it is already long since the little penniless seamstress apprentice has been recognized as one of the glories of her country. It is worth noting, however, that she can hardly be considered purely French, as her mother and grandmother were both Germans. There are few more picturesque places in Paris than the beautiful studio she has had built for herself in her quiet home in the Rue d'Assas. A noble room, paneled with oak, hung round with stags' horns, fowling pieces, &c.; the polished floor ornamented with the skins of wild animals, and on all sides the marks of her industrious genius, in the shape of sketches and unfinished pictures. The whole place has a wild, sylvan, and artistic air, which suits perfectly the character and appearance of its mistress. Mdlle. Bonheur, is 34, under the middle height, of a brown complexion, delicately marked features, large, beaming, expressive brown eyes, and a smile that brightens up her face with genius. Wavy, brown hair, worn short, and a sort of blouse, that forms her ordinary painting dress, give her a look as unlike every-day life as to the air of her studio. She wears her hair in this style for greater convenience, in the long expeditions she often makes, in a man's dress, among the mountains, with her brother. On one of these occasions, it is said, a young lady fell violently in love with the fascinating young artist, and the family, looking upon the matter as serious, deputed her brother to demand his intentions, the amazement of the unconscious author of the mischief may be imagined, but unfortunately the catastrophe was less amusing, the young inamorata being only cured of her disappointment and mortification by a severe illness which was the result.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On June 23d, Mr. Fish presented a letter from George Sumner, brother of Senator Sumner. It states that an erroneous influence might be drawn from Dr. Boyle's letter that the latter was dismissed from attendance upon Senator Sumner, on account of the character of his testimony before the House. This is entirely unfounded, as he did not know at the time Dr. Boyle was dismissed, what his testimony was. At the time Senator Sumner was suffering from high fever, with a pulse at 104, and Dr. Perry being willing to take charge of the case, Dr. Boyle's services were no longer required.

Mr. Toombs gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to take a census of the population of Kansas, to protect them in the exercise of the elective franchise in the territory, and to provide for calling a Convention preparatory to her admission into the Union.

He desired to have some complete and final measure adopted for the pacification of that territory. In order to effect this a census should first be taken. This would take away all motive for either section of the Union to attempt to force people into Kansas, and thereby endanger the peace of the country, in order to promote a sectional advantage, by having the institutions made for the people of the territory, by a population who have no interest in the question. The bill also proposes to protect the freedom of the ballot box, and to that end submits such questions to five Commissioners, to be selected by the President, who shall cause an examination to be made for the purpose. First, of having a proper distribution of representation, so as to give a fair and equal representation to a population very unequally distributed over the territory; and secondly, of all the bona fide inhabitants of the territory.

The bill provides that all white male inhabitants of over twenty-one years shall be registered as legal voters, and Kansas be admitted into the Union as a State, with as little delay as practicable. As soon as the census is taken and it shall be ascertained who are the real inhabitants of Kansas, they shall proceed forthwith to an election of delegates to a convention to form a State Constitution. This election he would have take place on the first Tuesday in November. That would give sufficient time, and allow four months' residence to the inhabitants. It would be a day when the people of the different States would be prevented, in consequence of being occupied with the Presidential election, from even attempting to defeat the real wishes of the people of Kansas, by interfering with their election, and that was not one of principle, but of expediency merely. It was solely as to the smallness of the number of inhabitants there. But that objection was valued by a considerable portion of the Senate and by a very large part of the people. Believing that this proposition would meet a favorable reception, and be promotive of good, he should, at an early day, ask leave to introduce the bill.

Mr. Wilson explained the error in the Globe's report of his speech, of which Mr. Keitt complained on Thursday. It arose in consequence of his being absent from the city, and leaving another person to read the proof-sheets, who made the mistake. The error did not occur in the uttered remarks.

Mr. Evans replied to Mr. Sumner's attacks on South Carolina, vindicating her revolutionary history, and defending her domestic institutions in a calm and dispassionate manner.

On the 24th, Mr. Mason introduced a joint resolution which was passed, appropriating $40,000 for the purchase and restoration to the British Government of the ship Resolute, late of the British navy, which was abandoned by the Arctic Expedition, and found by the crew of an American whaling ship, by whom she was brought to this country.

Mr. Bayer introduced a bill supplementary to the act organizing the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas and providing for the faithful execution of said act in Kansas, according to the true intent and meaning thereof.

Mr. Hunter replied to the attack of Mr. Sumner on the State of Virginia, and commented on the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature, with reference to the late assault. He knew of no previous instance in which the Legislature of any State had stepped forward to prejudice a case of this kind. He thought it could result only in increasing the exasperation of that unfortunate sectional feeling which is now threatening the peace of the whole country, and endangering the perpetuity of its institutions. Massachusetts has nothing to say by way of rebuke to Mr. Sumner for his offensive personalities, but so far from that, she has actually endorsed that speech and thanked him for having made it.

Mr. Hunter replied to the attack of Mr. Sumner on Virginia, as being a State where human beings are bought as sheep in the shambles; where little children are sold upon the auction block, and where a dungeon rewards the pious matron who teaches the negro to read the words of life. The foundation upon which the Senator from Massachusetts rested, was the fact that slavery and the slave trade existed in Virginia; that negroes were held in bondage, and were liable to be sold from one place to another. But Mr. Hunter argued that slavery was the best condition for the colored race, and no community was to be blamed for the inseparable incidents of a necessary institution. He also essayed to prove that the attack of Mr. Brooks on Mr. Sumner was not a breach of privilege, but merely a matter for the exclusive jurisdiction of the courts of law.

Mr. Seward, replying to Mr. Hunter's argument relative to the Brooks affair said, the remarks of that Senator had filled him with profound surprise and deep regret. When the assault was made, the personal and political friends of Mr. Sumner were silent, and the latter's colleague, (Mr. Wilson,) in a few calm and temperate words, simply stated the facts as they occurred. A motion was then made for raising a Committee to examine into the matter, and report their opinion. That report was made, and concurred in by almost the entire Senate; and although the report was condemned by many of the North, as not coming up to their ideas of what ought to be done, yet he (Mr. Seward) was satisfied with it, and should have been glad to have the subject dropped there, and not to be again mentioned in the Senate. The freedom of debate had been vindicated; but now the Senator from Virginia had taken position contrary to the decision of three-fourths of the Senate, and a vast majority of the people of the country.

Mr. Butler said Mr. Sumner was the first man who had ever abused his privilege, as a member of the Senate, to lay his profane hands upon the revolutionary history of one of the original thirteen States.

Mr. Pearce, Chairman of the Committee, who investigated the assault on Mr. Sumner, defended the position laid down in that report, and replied to Mr. Hunter's arguments against it.

Mr. Hunter briefly rejoined.

On June 24th, Mr. Wilson presented the petition of the officers of the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society, setting forth the objects of that organization, and stating that they had been much misrepresented by the majority report of the Committee on Territories. They say this society has not been the cause of the troubles in Kansas, having never infringed any law, nor interfered with the peaceable execution of the law. They never invested a dollar in any munitions of war; never sent out persons to control the elections in Kansas, nor hired any man, except as a business agent, to go there; never paid the passage of a single emigrant, nor is it within the knowledge of the Company, that any person has gone out under their auspices, with any other views than settling and staying in the Territory. They also represent their property as having been destroyed by the recent outbreaks, and pray that the offenders may be brought to justice, and compensation be made for the losses and injuries they have sustained. The petition was referred to the Committee on Claims.

Mr. Johnson took exception to some of the comments of Mr. Seward yesterday, on the conduct of Mr. Rusk in assaulting Horace Greeley, some time ago.

Mr. Seward vindicated the correctness of what he had said, according to the facts, so far as they were within his knowledge and recollection. He did not, however, at the time remember the precise ground on which the attack was made.

Mr. Foster addressed the Senate against the Nebraska-Kansas Bill, and in favor of excluding Slavery from all the Territories. He alluded to the passage of that bill about the hour of midnight, on the 25th of May, 1854. The darkness which then enveloped the earth, yielded to the light of the ensuing day, but the darkness and gloom which had been caused by that bill did not pass away; they had been increasing, until now they envelope the whole land as with a broad black shadow.

He spoke with earnestness in defence of the Emigrant Aid Society, and vindicated Professor Silliman and the Revs. Henry Ward Beecher and Mr. Dutton. The meeting in New Haven, in Mr. Dutton's church, was to bid farewell to their friends, who were about to leave for Kansas, and the arms furnished them were merely for self-defence. It was a significant fact that not one of that party, who were thus furnished with Sharpe's rifles, had ever been engaged in any of the disturbances in that Territory. If Professor Silliman should have no stone cast at him except by those who had done more than he for the good of his race, he would be much more likely to live to the age of Methuselah than to suffer the martyrdom of Stephen.

Mr. Foster maintained that over Slavery in the States the General Government had no power—where there was no power there was no responsibility, and should be no intermeddling. The existence of Slavery in the Territories was an entirely different matter. Being unsuccessful in discovering what was the great principle in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, he laid down what he conceived to be the true doctrine, namely, that Congress has exclusive power over the matter. If Slavery was right he could be wrong. He would recommend that wherever Slavery exists in the Territories, it be abolished, and wherever it does not exist it should be forbidden.

Mr. Benjamin expressed his gratification at the tone and temper of Mr. Foster's speech, being so different from what he had been accustomed to hear from those entertaining such opinions on the subject of Slavery. The question has been discussed in a manner eminently becoming a Senator representing one of the sovereign States of the Confederacy.

On motion of Mr. Weller, the Kansas Bill and all the proposed amendments were recommitted to the Committee on Territories.

On the 26th, the Senate took up Mr. Adams's resolution providing for the adjournment of Congress on the 26th of July.

Mr. Seward opposed the resolution. He thought the business of Congress was in no condition to allow the fixing of a day for an adjournment, especially at a time so early as designated. The great question of the day, Kansas, had not been taken up in the House, and even here, had only reached an intermediate stage. He could not consent that a day for adjournment should be fixed until it could be decided what plan was to be adopted for restoring peace to Kansas. There were other subjects also which ought to be disposed of, such as the question of the Naval Board, the California Wagon Road Bill, and the Pacific Railroad Bill. He was anxious to close the session before the heat of the summer became intolerable, but thought it better to wait until one or two at least of the important subjects shall be disposed of before fixing a day.

Mr. Brodhead favored the resolution. He did not believe that Congress would adjourn until October unless the time be fixed soon.

Mr. Douglas remarked that all the questions alluded to by Mr. Seward had been thoroughly discussed, and there was no reason why a vote should not be had on each at an early day. No new light could be thrown on them by further discussion. He should feel it his duty to ask the Senate, early next week, to take up the Kansas question and sit it out until disposed of. As to the Naval Bill, the Senate was tired of that discussion. No member could command the attention of six Senators on that subject: One day for each of these measures was enough, and these bills could just as well be disposed of in two weeks as three months. To go on in the present way with an oration one day, and then to adjourn, and another oration only the next day, the discussion might continue till doomsday, without coming to a vote.

Mr. Hale quoted the remarks made several years ago by Cave Johnson, namely, that the business of a session would always be done in the last two weeks, no matter whether an earlier or a later day be fixed for an adjournment. Senators say there is disorder in Kansas, and it is very probable the people of Kansas may say, "there is disorder in Congress." He thought there would be less danger of disorder in Kansas if Congress should adjourn. He would therefore vote even for an earlier day than that indicated for an adjournment. He had no hope that any good would be accomplished by this Congress. His trust was in the people. He wanted to adjourn and go before them with the great issue now dividing the public mind. The resolution then passed.

On motion of Mr. Crittenden, a resolution was adopted directing the Committee on the Judiciary to examine the laws regulating the succession to the Presidency, in case of the death of the President and Vice President; and, in case they deem further legislation on the subject necessary, to report by bill or otherwise.

The rules of the Senate were, on motion, so amended as to make it the duty of the Chair to call Senators to order whenever they violated parliamentary decorum.

The Senate then took up and passed the bill for the construction of a military road from Missouri, via Great Salt Lake City, to the Carson Valley settlement, on the frontier of California, and for the establishment of military posts and the sinking of wells thereupon.

On the 27th, the Senate took up and passed the bill from the House, authorizing the President to cause the southern boundary of Kansas to be marked; also the bill respecting the harboring of deserters, and to protect the public interests in regard to the enlistment and discharge of minors.

The House bill, establishing two additional land districts in Minnesota, passed finally.

A message was received from the House, announcing the death of Hon. Thos. H. Bayly, member of the House from Virginia.

Mr. Mason spoke in suitable terms of the deceased, and offered the customary resolutions of respect and condolence.

Mr. Case also paid a tribute to the deceased, in a few eloquent remarks.

Mr. Seward said, in 1840, before I had personally met Thomas H. Bayly, and while he was yet young, I encountered him in a controversy conducted by him in the Legislature of Virginia, and by myself as an Executive Magistrate of New York, and I felt his ability and power, while I was compelled also to acknowledge his manliness and dignified bearing. In 1850 we met here, prepared, I think, by mutual respect, to be courteous adversaries.

We remained in that relation to each other until last December, when he, then departing with a forlorn hope, to Cuba, but deeply impressed with the conviction that his disease had already become incurable, took his thoughts off from earth and its ambitions, and fixed them upon a higher sphere, its mysteries, and its promises. I then became his friend. I would not intrude on the solemn offices now performing here with so much propriety and justice by his immediate associates, further than to add the testimony of one whom the world regards as a stranger, and may possibly have erroneously considered an enemy to the deceased, to the truth of the highest praises which have been bestowed on this eminent Virginia Statesman. He was a man of practical ability, of genius, and of magnanimity. Let no one censure me for throwing a simple wild flower among the wreaths that gather upon the bier that is passing before us, and opening our own way towards the scene where we all, whether we shall have parted here as friends or enemies, shall meet again in the presence of the common Father and Judge of all men.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on June 23d, the bill authorizing the President to cause the southern boundary line of Kansas to be surveyed and marked, was passed.

Mr. Wakeman gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill amendatory of the act of 1818, prohibiting the introduction or importation of slaves.

The House then proceeded to the consideration of the bill authorizing the people of Oregon to form a Constitution, and a State Government. It is the same as that heretofore passed by the House, but which was lost in the Senate for want of time.

Mr. Jones, of Tenn., proposed an amendment, requiring Oregon to have a population equal to the ratio of representation established under the last census.

A lengthy debate arose, involving the question whether such restriction should be imposed upon the new State.

The question still pending, the House adjourned.

On June 24th, a bill establishing two additional land districts in Minnesota was passed.

The House then resumed the consideration of the bill authorizing the people of Oregon to form a Constitution and State Government.

The Oregon bill was further debated, and laid aside.

The bill explanatory of the act of 1841, establishing an additional land district in Minnesota, was taken up and passed.

On June 25th, the House passed a bill authorizing the President to cause to be delivered, at the expense of the United States, to Utah and New Mexico, such arms as they are entitled to under existing laws.

The House then took up the bill reported from the Committee on Territories, for the admission of Kansas into the Union as a State, with the Topeka Constitution.

Mr. Grow said that on the 30th of May, 1854, an act was passed organizing Kansas as a Territory. The census taken in February, 1855, showed 2,905 voters, and at the election which chose the Legislature which enacted a code of laws for Kansas, 6,331 votes. These laws the people believed oppressive and wrong, and emanating from a usurpation of legislative power; that they were not bound by considerations of justice and right to submit to them. Senator Clayton had recently declared these acts to be unexampled, palpably unjust and oppressive, and some of them unconstitutional, besides being insulting to honorable men, who might differ from him on political questions. The people of the Territory, believing that resistance to tyranny is obedience to God, had called a convention in a constitutional and legal way, and adopted a constitution at Topeka.

Mr. Grow gave a history of the attendant proceedings, and spoke of the difficulties in Kansas, and the fruitless efforts of the Federal authorities to suppress them.

Mr. Smith, of Tenn., followed, defending the course of the President, and expressing himself in favor of the bill recently introduced into the Senate by Mr. Toombs.

A debate ensued on the motion to recommit the bill to the Committee on Territories. Mr. Dunn wanted it sent to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. Mr. Grow said Mr. Dunn knew as well as any man that to send the bill to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union was to kill it effectually, and therefore it could not be perfected there. Any man who votes to send it there might as well vote against the bill directly.

The question was, whether the House was ready to relieve the people of Kansas from the present oppression, by admitting them as a State. What right would thus be trampled down? As to the Governor and Lieut. Governor being indicted for treason, the admission of Kansas into the Union would perhaps furnish a remedy, but, if not, provision could be made to meet the case.

Mr. Dunn then moved to refer the bill to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Pending the motion, the House took up and passed the bill to establish a road from Fort Ridgley, in Minnesota, to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, in Nebraska Territory. Adjourned.

On June 26th, the House resumed the consideration of the bill reported from the Committee on Territories, to admit Kansas into the Union, with the Topeka Constitution.

Mr. Dunn said that his object, yesterday, in moving to refer the bill to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, was not to embarrass action, but to insure action and produce satisfaction; but as the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Grow) thought such a reference would kill the bill, he (Mr. Dunn) now proposed to let it remain for consideration before the House, with the understanding that the general debate shall continue until terminated by the previous question, and then members be allowed to offer amendments and make five minute speeches in explanation, as provided by the rules. By this means the bill may be perfected.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, asked Mr. Dunn whether he proposed any termination to the five minutes debate?

Mr. Dunn—Let the understanding be three days; surely, on so grave a matter, this time was brief enough.

Mr. Stephens thought this would not accomplish the object. The three days might be taken up in calling the yeas and nays. The bill should be considered in the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said that to send the bill there would be to send it to the tombs of the Capulets. He recollected that little more than two years ago, when Mr. Cutting moved to refer the Nebraska Kansas Bill (which has brought so many troubles on the country) to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. Richardson appealed to gentlemen not to permit it to go there, as that would be equivalent to a defeat, and this position was likewise taken by the gentleman from Georgia.

Mr. Stephens replied that Mr. Campbell was mistaken. He was not present at the time. The Kansas Nebraska Bill had nothing to do with bringing troubles on the country.

Mr. Campbell said—The tree is known by its fruits.

Mr. Stephens—The ev

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT AYAN.

In my last letter I "hoped to publish some interesting matter in relation to what they did, and how they lived on the Eastern Coast of Siberia the Frozen," in this, "my next;" and now, if the reader will send his imagination back with mine to "Old Frybark's" second floor sitting-room, where a dozen or more American officers and Russians were lounging in company, with Turkish pipes and tobacco, and "twenty drops," and the prospective supper, spoken of in my last letter, he will hear a good deal that I heard upon that occasion, which will no doubt interest him as much as it did us, the "Americans," who then *listened* to it.

"You talk about beef!" said "Old Frybark," as he refilled his huge pipe and drew a match across the bottom of the box. "You say you had too much, yesterday, and yet you want whole bullocks now to take on board ship. Well, the natives will drive these in for you, this evening. When the English came we had to drive them all back into the country."

He lit his last pipe and puffed away complacently, with his gaze riveted upon the bottle of "twenty drops," as Dickens says Old John Willet was wont to admire the kitchen boiler.

"You talk about eating and drinking, as if we ate and drank a great deal," he at length continued; "you should see one of these Songoure"—Songoure Indians—"drink butter, if you want to see how much a man used to cold weather can drink."

"*Drink* butter!" exclaimed one of the party. "Why don't they *eat* it?"

"Because they like to drink it better," was the reply. "I have seen one of them drink forty pounds, and then go to sleep."

"Did he ever wake up again?" asked a surprised voice.

"None of your marines' yarns here, old gentleman," remarked another.

"Oh, Mr. Freighburg!" exclaimed a fourth, in a deprecatory tone, "*forty* pounds!"

"Forty! Yes, any one of these Songoure that you see, will drink *twenty* as an everyday affair, but there is one fellow in particular, who, as I say, *once drank forty*, and then went to sleep—I pledge you my honor."

"*You* didn't *see* him, Mr. Freighburg?" I asked, in a hesitating voice; for after commencing the question, I suddenly remembered that he had *already* pledged his honor to its truth.

"Yes, I did, though," he replied, "and I'll tell you how it was. A friend of mine was as skeptical as you are, and so I just said to him,

"'Mr. Henry, I see that you don't believe what I tell you.'

"'Not a bit of it,' he said.

"'Well,' said I, 'you pay for forty pounds of butter that is in the company's warehouse, and give it to him, and if he doesn't drink it all before noon, (this was about nine o'clock in the morning,) I'll pay you back the money.'

"'Agreed!' he exclaimed, and commenced to feel at once for his pocket-book, but I told him, 'never mind the money yet awhile,' and sent my servant to hunt up the Songoure.

"After awhile he came, and when he heard what it was all about and saw the butter, his eyes sparkled, and he rubbed himself, as if he already had it in him. He just warmed it a little, to make it run, and then set to work. At noon he had drank it all, and was asleep in the sun, with the butter running from his pores in the shape of greasy perspiration."

"Ugh! Horrible!" exclaimed a disgusted voice, "what beasts they must be. Are they fit for anything but to drink butter and sleep?"

"Yes, they drink whale oil almost as well, and sight beats much better than you or I could. They do not know what fear is; they attack them single-handed, with a long knife as their only arms, and always kill the bear, unless he runs. They are generous as well as brave. Their mode of warfare you will doubtless look upon as foolishly liberal. They always hunt with the knife—which, with the handle, is from three to four feet long—and if they come upon a bear asleep, instead of killing him at once, they catch him by his wool, give him a shake to wake him up, and then step back out of his way, and tell him to come on. If he moves off, instead of fighting, they throw stones at him to make him mad, and then when he rushes up to hug, they receive him on one knee, with the butt of the knife braced against the ground, and the point ready for his heart. I suppose *that* sounds strange, too, but it's true."

"You are quizzing us, Mr. Freighburg," remarked one of the party, drily.

He glanced quickly at the speaker, and said, earnestly, "I assure you, upon my honor, that I am only telling you *facts*. Voila, there's M. the Governor, ask him."

"Well, I beg pardon," replied the doubter, with a smile that started the old fellow's tongue as loosely as ever. "Give us some more, it's quite interesting."

"Yes, but I take 'twenty drops' first. Smoking is dry work, and when you come to talk, too, it's parching." He knocked the ashes from his pipe, laid it on the table, and, as usual, filled all of the glasses. I, having already burnt my throat with his modest "twenty drops," got the start of the party, by complaining of a sick head-ache—which I really had—and begged to be excused from joining. Some offered one excuse, some another, and others smilingly reached for their glasses, but with the air of martyrs. He cast a most reproachful glance at me who had declined, emptied his glass, refilled his pipe, and continued.

"That affair of the butter was a good thing for all concerned. I sold forty pounds for the company, the Songoure got a fine dinner, and Mr. Henry saw something that he would never have believed without seeing. Now, don't some of you want to pay for *twenty* pounds? I'll show you two men at once who'll fight for the liberty to drink it."

Before any one could accept or decline his offer, the door opened, and in walked a most singular specimen of the genus homo. He was below the ordinary height, but possessed of immoderately long and thin arms and legs. He had a huge head resting upon a cornstalk-like neck, a large and flabby-looking mouth, a most disagreeable expression of countenance, and a manner at once obsequious and presuming. His complexion was horribly sallow, and his huge feet moved over the creaking floor without apparently leaving it at all. His general appearance indicated a long ride accomplished, as he advanced to Mr. Freighburg and spoke a few words in Russian. When he had ended, he was presented to the party as Mr. ———, just arrived from St. Petersburg.

"*Just arrived from St. Petersburg!*" exclaimed several voices in a breath. "Why, Mr. ———, how long have you been on the road?"

"Rather longer than usual," was the smiling—such a smiling!—reply. "To-morrow will be nine months since I left, but my health has been bad, and I travelled by short stages. I have only ridden forty miles to-day, but that is much for me. He, too, spoke English quite well, and as he took a seat, crossed his pipestem-like legs, and folded his long hands over his knee, I expected to hear him add—"But I'm very humble," so much did he remind me of an old acquaintance, one Uriah Heep, of *David Copperfield* memory.

"Don't imagine that it's such a very terrible journey after all!" exclaimed "Old Frybark." "The Government Post does it in sixty days, and when the news of the war came, it was only fifty-eight on the road. You can easily make the trip in *eighty days*, at a cost of *five hundred dollars*; in fact, it is only a pleasant travel. You go from here to such a river on horseback, a distance of some six hundred miles; then take a boat for several hundred more; then leave the river and travel several hundred farther in light wagons or on horseback; you cross many rivers and mountains; follow the windings of numerous valleys, and see a splendid country, and many singular people during this part of the trip. Then you begin to arrive at a more cultivated country, and begin to see signs of civilization, and in a week or so more you are in St. Petersburg. You see this tobacco, that champagne, that loaf sugar, that tea, that caviare; it all came over that long road, sewed up in raw hide, and they always arrive in the good condition you see them in."

"What a fine trip it would be if we could only run the 'Old John' on a safe rock, step quietly on shore, and go home by St. Petersburg!" exclaimed one of our party; "she couldn't drown us *then*, confound her!"

Here our host was called out to see some new arrival, and the next moment we heard his large voice calling for "all who wanted to see how the Songoure travelled on reindeer, to come down."

A general rush was now made for the door, where the new arrivals, in the shape of two Songoure Indians, were leaning against their clean-limbed reindeer bucks, whose branching antlers seemed, in themselves, heavy enough to bear down the elevated heads and arched necks of their fleet-looking owners. They had travelled seventy miles that day, and yet looked fresh and lively. The saddles were girthed well upon the fore shoulders, almost on the neck, and a single thong of hide served as a bridle. One of our party tried to mount, as any one would mount a horse, but the animal bent to the ground and became restive under the unusual proceeding.—The Songoure now mounted into the saddle by climbing up over his neck, and he stood as firm as if a feather only had blown against him. They seemed to be very strong in the fore shoulders, and just the contrary in the back and quarters. For our edification, the second Songoure now mounted, and a short race ensued, in which they seemed to get along quite well, but by no means as swiftly or gracefully as many of our ordinary horses; probably they would have shown to better advantage had they not already travelled seventy miles.

"It's a mystery to me, Mr. Freighburg," I remarked, "how you manage to feed your stock during such long winters. These hundreds of horses and dogs which we see, and the numberless reindeer which you say, are owned farther in the interior. I don't even see houses to shelter them under."

"*Why*, bless your heart!" answered the old fellow, "we let our horses and reindeer go free as soon as the cold weather commences, and they wander about in droves of hundreds and thousands, finding plenty to keep them in good condition during the winter. They dig down through the snow for the dried grass, &c., and it is only towards the spring when the snow thaws and then freezes again, thus covering the ground with a solid mass of ice; it is only at that time that we have to feed them, until the weather gets warm and melts the ice away. Now, one horse alone could not clear away the snow for food, and thus you find them roaming in hundreds as I say. Their great number also adds to their security from the attacks of wild beasts. Now, as to houses for sheltering them from the cold, we have none at all; and though the centigrade thermometer often sinks as low as 25 deg. below zero, we seldom hear of any of them freezing to death. You see, when it is so very cold, we really do not feel it as much as if it were warmer; for the air is always perfectly still, and it is with the sharp winds that we suffer most."

The evening drifted lightly by in conversation such as the above, and when we parted at a late hour, it was without the least prospect of ever shaking hands again. How mournful such partings are, such abrupt terminations of unexpected but pleasant associations of a few days!

"Old Frybark" emptied the ashes from his last pipe, bade us farewell with a softer voice, and the next morning's sun shone upon the "Old John," as she steamed slowly away from those isolated but truly hospitable mansions, and dragged her trembling timbers to the scene of future work.

LA MAUPIN.

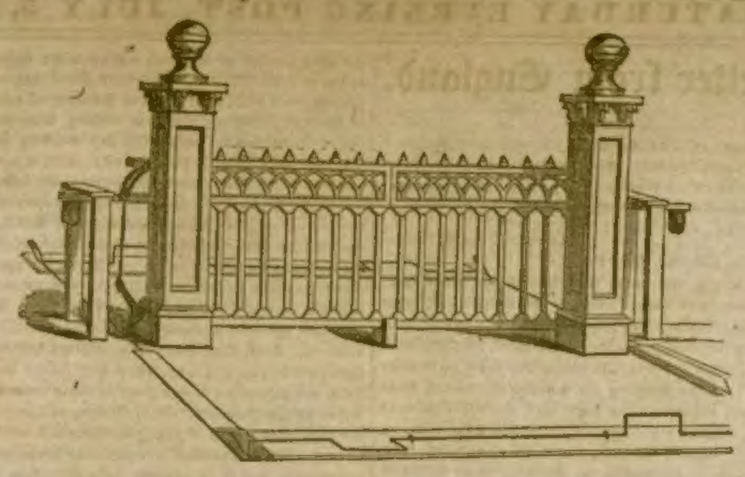
This extraordinary woman was one of Lulli's opera troupe. She was equally fond of both sexes, fought and loved like a man (or devil), and resisted and fell as a woman. She was married to a young man, who left her to take an office to which he had been appointed in Provence, when she ran away with a fencing-master, of whom she learned to fence. They first went to Marseilles, where, as they had good voices, they were engaged at the opera. She soon fell in love with a young woman. The object of her whimsical affection was shut up in a convent, to which Maupin obtained access as a novice, when she set fire to it, and in the confusion ran off with with her favorite. Maupin was taken, and condemned to be burned, but as the young woman was restored to her friends, she was pardoned. She then went to Paris, and made her first appearance on the opera stage, in 1693, when she performed the part of Palina, in *Cadmus*, with the greatest success. The applause was so violent that she took off her casque to salute and thank the public, when her beauty caused them to redouble their applause. Her success was, from that time, uninterrupted, but her strangest acting was not upon the stage.

Dumeni, the counter-tenor, having affronted her, she put on men's clothes, watched for him in the Place des Victoires, and insisted on his drawing his sword and fighting her, which he refusing, she caned him, and took from him his watch and snuff-box. The next day Dumeni boasted at the opera-house that he had defended himself against three men who attempted to rob him, when Maupin told the whole story, and produced his watch and snuff-box as proofs of his cowardice and the caning. Another person only escaped her chastisement by publicly asking her pardon, after hiding himself at the Palais Royal for three weeks. At a ball, given by the brother of the King of France, she put on men's clothes, and having behaved impertinently to a lady, three of the friends of the lady's, supposing her to be a man, challenged her out for it, and she killed them all, when, coolly returning to the ball, she told what had happened to the King's brother, who obtained her pardon. After some further adventures at Paris, she went to Brussels, and became the favorite of the Elector of Bavaria, who, becoming tired of her, sent her a purse of 40,000 livres, by the husband of the woman whom he made his next favorite, when she threw the purse at his head, telling him it was a recompense worthy such a scoundrel as himself. She then returned to the stage, which she quitted in 1705. She was at length seized with a fit of devotion (!), and recalling her husband, passed the rest of her life with him in a very pious manner, and died in 1707, aged 34.—*N. Y. Musical World.*

THE RIGHT KIND OF ORATORY.—It was a beautiful criticism made by Longinus upon the effect of the speaking of Cicero and Demosthenes. He said the people would go from one of Cicero's orations exclaiming: "What a beautiful speaker! What a rich, fine voice! What an eloquent man Cicero is!" They talked of Cicero; but when they left Demosthenes, they said, "Let us fight Philip!" Losing sight of the speaker, they were all absorbed in the subject; they thought not of Demosthenes, but of their country.

☞ A young urchin in a Scottish school, while ciphering on his own slate, put the following poser to his teacher:—"What dis a' the figures gang the fin' they're rubbit out?"

WOODRUFF'S NEW SELF-ACTING GATE.



Mr. Woodruff sometime since obtained a patent for an improvement in farm and ornamental gates, and a full-sized working gate was on exhibition at the late fair of the American Institute, at the Crystal Palace, New York. Those who witnessed the operation of that gate expressed themselves highly pleased with its operation; but experience has demonstrated that self-acting swing-gates are objectionable, from their liability to damage by heavy gusts of wind and gales. To remedy this and other defects Mr. W. has invented the gate represented by the annexed engravings, and has made an application for a patent through Fowler and Wells' Patent Agency, of 308 Broadway, New York city. This gate does not swing horizontally, but it is composed of two separate parts, one being attached to each post by two hinges operating vertically.

The gate is so jointed as to close up something after the manner of a lady's fan, yet in a very firm and substantial manner. As each half of the gate is but four or five feet long, it can easily be made strong and durable. This gate is balanced upon its hinges by counter weights beyond the posts, and is operated by the wheels of the carriage or runners of a sleigh, which moves the rod over which it passes. This rod operates the side-bars or chains, which are attached to the cranks outside the posts, and which move the gate as desired, opening it on approach and closing it on leaving.

We are informed that the inventor is prepared to deliver the gate represented in the engravings, boxed for shipment, with directions for putting it up, so plain that any ordinary mechanic can understand them—without the main posts, which can be constructed to suit the taste of the applicant—for $35, which is less than it could be manufactured without the labor-saving appliances possessed by him.

Any orders may be addressed to Fowler and Wells, or to the inventor, at Elizabeth City, N. J.

HARMOSAN.

BY RICHARD C. TRENCH.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo I perish in my thirst:
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foemen to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest—for around him angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the Caliph;—"is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not!—our gallant Moslem no such treacherous dealing know."

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water—this reprieve is thine—no more!"

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sunk forever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine is life, until the water of that cup
I have drained: then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the Caliph, as by doubtful passions stirred—
Then exclaimed: "Forever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish—now I bid thee drink and live!"

CHINESE MORALITY.—It is my deliberate opinion that the Chinese are morally the most debased people on the face of the earth. Forms of vice which in other countries are barely named are in China so common that they excite no comment among the natives. They constitute the surface level, and below them there are deeps on deeps of depravity so shocking and horrible that their character cannot even be hinted. There are some dark shadows in human nature which we naturally shrink from penetrating, and I made no attempt to collect information of this kind; but there were enough in the things which I could not avoid seeing and hearing—which are brought almost daily to the notice of every foreign resident—to inspire me with a powerful aversion to the Chinese race. Their touch is pollution, and harsh as the opinion may seem, justice to our own race demands that they should not be allowed to settle on our soil. Science may have lost something, but mankind has gained by the exclusive policy which has governed China during the past centuries.—*Bayard Taylor.*

ENGLISH VS. AMERICAN GIRLS.—The English girl spends more than one half of her waking hours in physical amusements, which tend to develop, and invigorate, and ripen the bodily powers. She rides, walks, drives, rows upon the water, runs, dances, plays, sings, jumps the rope, throws the ball, hurls the quoit, draws the bow, keeps up the shuttlecock—and all this without having it pressed forever upon her mind that she is thereby wasting her time. She does this every day, until it becomes a habit which she will follow up through life. Her frame, as a natural consequence, is larger, her muscular system better developed, her nervous system in better subordination, her strength more enduring, and the whole tone of her mind healthier.

☞ WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—We know no rights of woman that are separated from the rights of man. There is no injury inflicted upon the one that does not recoil upon the other. If the Turk keeps woman in abject slavery, the Turk himself becomes a degenerate slave.—*London Leader.*

THE EYES.

The eye, when in health, requires very simple attention; bathing with cold or tepid water being all that is needful. It is, however, so delicate an organ that external causes easily affect it, and impair its beauty. Too strong a light fatigues the eyes; and exposure to currents of air, long-continued application, or night-watchings, are equally injurious to them. In evening occupation, extreme care should be taken in the management of the light, which should be considerably above the eyes, so that the glare may not shine into them. Inflammation of the eyelid, accompanied by irritation, may be speedily reduced by holding it over the steam of boiling water. There is also an inflammation, often constitutional, that occurs in the membrane which covers the globe of the eye; this may be remedied by bathing it with warm poppy water. It sometimes happens that the glands of the eye secrete too abundantly, and become glued together during the night, in which case the following preparation will be found useful: Chamomile tea, moderately strong, with a little brandy, in the proportion of a table-spoonful of the latter to a small cup of the tea; the eye should be bathed frequently with this mixture, and at night, before retiring to bed, a little ointment composed of sweet oil and white wax, should be applied to the edges of the eyelids with a fine camel's hair pencil. When reading or other exertion of the eyes has been too long continued, an aching sensation is felt just above them; a piece of linen doubled several times, and steeped in equal parts of vinegar and rose-water, will give relief. Persons who suffer from weak eyes will derive great benefit by dropping into them two or three drops of cold spring water, several times in the twenty-four hours; a small machine is sold by chemists for the purpose of keeping the eye open during this slight operation, which is perfectly painless. A small lump of sugar, saturated with eau de cologne, and slowly dissolved in the mouth, will give temporary brilliancy to the eyes. The eyelashes contribute greatly to the beauty of the eye; in early youth, they are generally thick and long, but owing to neglect they soon break and wear off. As they not only impart a soft and pleasing expression in the eye, but protect and preserve it, their growth should be encouraged. For this purpose, they should be clipped every four or five weeks; by this means, they will acquire strength, and will soon become long and luxuriant. One or more eyelashes sometimes grow inward, and irritate the eye; it may be possible to train them in a proper direction with a camel's hair pencil dipped in gum water, otherwise they should be cautiously extracted by a surgeon. The eyebrows have a great influence on the character of the face. De Brunregarded them as the most certain interpreter of the sentiments. Their shape may be improved by judicious management, but artificial applications always give an unnatural and disagreeable effect; they may be rendered soft and compact by smoothing them closely together with the fingers. The hairs should never be plucked out nor destroyed by depilatories, unless they meet across the nose, which imparts so fierce and sinister an expression that it is permissible to remove them; in every other instance it is better to leave the eyebrows as nature made them, for any artificial shape given to them will not harmonize as well with the rest of the features. A well-formed eye should neither be too open nor too closed; the almond shape is the most beautiful. The Chinese have a method of elongating the oval of the eye, by drawing out or extending the eyelids at the external angle, and by constant repetition of this slight operation, they obtain the almond shape, which they esteem essential to beauty.

POLITENESS.—The manner of conferring an obligation obliges more than the matter. The Count de Soissons, prince of the blood, being requested by a gentleman to give him one half of the ground rents of an estate he had bought, which he held of the count, that prince said to him, "That half is no longer mine." The gentleman, thinking he had given it to another, was modestly retiring, when the count explained himself: "That half is no longer mine, since you have taken the trouble to ask for it; but since you do not ask the other half, it is mine, and I give you all."

THE LEGEND OF SIR GALAHAD.

Tennyson's noble poem of Sir Galahad is familiar to most of our readers. The original legend from which it has derived may not be so familiar. We copy the following outline of it from Sharpe's London Magazine:

It is said that at the Crucifixion, the blood which flowed from our Lord's body was received by Joseph of Arimathea, in a golden vessel; henceforth called above all others, "le Sanc Greal,"—"the Holy Cup." It was entrusted to Joseph's care, and he carried it with him in his many wanderings, until at length he found rest on the shores of England. When he died, the precious charge was taken out of human custody: it was borne hither and thither by angel-hands, resting in unknown shrines, and yet sometimes mysteriously coming into sight, clothed with unearthly brightness, and guarded with unearthly solemnity.

But it was not always to be thus: prophet after prophet told the world that some one was to be born in the coming time, far holier and braver than any one who had gone before him, who should win his way to the repossession of the Holy Cup; who should drink of it, and be thenceforth sinless; who should take it away from earth forever, and rise by its power to the heaven of heavens.

The bravest knights in Chistendom met at King Arthur's court, and bound themselves into a company for the quest of the Greal; they assembled, day by day, at the Round Table, but they were warned to leave a seat vacant—the "Siege Perilous"—which was reserved for the mighty one who was hereafter to join them. Once when a knight, in the fulness of self-confidence, ventured to sit in it, the earth yawned beneath him and he was seen no more; so that all waited patiently until the destined conqueror was sent to them. At last they had tidings of him: One Whit-Sunday, when they returned from church, letters of flashing light were seen on the mystic seat, telling them that the invincible knight would take his place among them four hundred and fifty years after Christ's Passion. "This is the day," they cried, in exultation, "let us await his coming." They were not long in suspense, for the chamber where they sat at noonday, suddenly and strangely darkened; and when it was black as night, a glow of marvellous brightness began to arise, until at length a venerable white-robed old man was seen standing in their midst, with a beautiful youth by his side. "Peace be with you, fair lords," was the salutation; but the knights were too awe-stricken to reply. Then the old man told them that the boy before them was God's anointed—that he should battle down every foe, and win the Holy Greal. He bade Sir Galahad—for that was the young knight's name—strip off his coat of mail, and throw a robe of ermine over his tunic of rich red silk; when this was done he led him to the "Siege Perilous," and taking off the coverlet, showed a new inscription of flashing light—"This is the Siege of Galahad!" "Sir," said he to his companion, "This siege is yours." The miraculous brightness melted into the natural sunlight—the old man vanished from sight. Sir Galahad, the boy-knight, was chief of the heroes of the Round Table.

But even now he had no sword, and as no ordinary weapon could avail in the conflict which was before him, he received one by a miracle: that same day a slab of red marble floated on the river past Arthur's castle, with a jewelled sword thrust through it, inscribed, "To the bravest knight in Christendom." None could extricate it but Sir Galahad, who grasped it without an effort, and girded it on his thigh. Nor did the marvels of the day stop here: the Round Table was assembled in the evening, when on a sudden a loud blast swept through the air, and the castle walls seemed to totter as in an earthquake, and rumbling peals of thunder terrified them all. This soon ceased, and a sunbeam succeeded it—"A sunbeam more bright by seven times," says the chronicle, "than ever they saw by day:" then there entered into the hall the Holy Greal, borne by the unseen hands of angels, and seeming miraculously poised in light. The knights thereupon vowed simultaneously that they would forthwith fulfil their mission, and seek to recover this priceless treasure. King Arthur bade them meet on the morrow in the meadow of Camelot; for he knew well that if they all departed they would not all meet again. A tournament was held, at which Sir Galahad, though he rode into the lists without a shield, broke the lances of all who encountered him, and showed himself superhumanly brave. Some of the knights wished to save the pang of parting with their lady-loves by taking them as companions in the quest; but an old hermit came forward to warn them, and to tell them moreover: "He who is not clean of his sins shall not see the sought-for mysteries."

On Whit-Tuesday, the company set forth, defiling through the streets of Camelot in solemn procession amid the tearful mournings of the whole people; when the city gates were reached, each of the hundred and fifty knights took a different course—with the wide world before him, and with only God for his guide. Sir Galahad was shieldless still—he knew that this need would be supplied, as his sword had been, by miraculous aid. And so it was; for he soon reached an old chapel, tenanted by a holy man, where he found a shield hanging before an altar—a shield of white with a red cross made with blood upon it, which none might take down but the very bravest. His armor was now complete; he rode on to fulfil his glorious mission—fight his glorious battle. He knew, for God had told him, that he should certainly be victorious, and yet he spared no effort that his destiny might be fully worked out. His first exploit was against a fiend who had polluted a churchyard by lying in a tomb, and whom none else could conquer or eject. After that he proceeded to a strong castle which was held by a brotherhood of seven knights as a stronghold of tyranny. Seven maidens met him and warned him against the attempt, but he resolutely kept on his way until the knights came forth to do battle with him. He fought, of course victoriously, and then set free the many captives whom he found in the castle dungeons. Exploit followed exploit, in not one of which he was so much as wounded. Lances were shivered, castles were conquered, maidens were rescued; but Sir Galahad himself passed through all unscathed—he wore not a charmed body, but a charmed soul—charmed by its purity. The poet's words might have been his own:—

"Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy grail;
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

"When on my goodly charger borne,
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms,
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields."

—*Tennyson's "Sir Galahad."*

The blessed sight—the sacred charge, for which he had sought so long, was at length granted to him and to two knights, Sir Percival and Sir Bors, who were permitted to accompany him. It was found mysteriously placed on a silver table in the mystic ship, which was cared that night by unseen hands towards an unknown shore. They soon found themselves in a country of Saracens, who knew not the glory of their mission, and cast them into a dark dungeon; but in a strange reaction of feeling, when the throne fell vacant, Sir Galahad was elected King. He had scarcely worn the crown a year when, as he kneeled in church one morning, he was gifted with spiritual sight, and saw the companies of the angels who guarded him, and the armies of the faithful who were waiting to welcome him. He prayed that he might depart in peace, and immediately myriads of angels came into visible sight and bore him up to God. None ever after saw Sir Galahad or the Holy Greal.

Such are the outlines of this singular mysticism. It is an allegory with many meanings—a strange mingling of piety and romance; but it cannot fail, we think, to teach many beautiful lessons. The chief one, however, that we learn from it is the strength of earnest purpose aided by an unblemished life. This found its type in Sir Galahad; and if we wish to pass from the imaginary to the actual—from the ideal battles of ideal terrors to the real struggles of real life, we can hardly take with us any stronger aids than the noble love of truth, and the unflinching faith in holiness, which inspired the legend of Sir Galahad.

Useful Receipts.

POTATO PIE.—Boil mealy Irish potatoes, till very soft—when peeled, mash and strain them. To a quarter of a pound of potatoes, put a quart of milk, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four beaten eggs, a wine glass of wine, add sugar and nutmeg to the taste.

A RELISHING WAY OF DRESSING A VEAL CUTLET.—Lard the cutlet, if you choose, or not; fry it a gold brown, and keep it covered in the oven whilst you prepare the following sauce:—Three good handfuls of sorrel, prepared ready by having been boiled down, with one tablespoonful of water and a little salt; beat it up with a fork, as you would an egg; add to it by degrees the gravy remaining in your pan from the cutlet; stir it well together, give it a warm up in a clean saucepan, lay it round your dish, the cutlet upon it, and serve. This is a most appetising relish, and those who like country walks may gather sorrel anywhere.

TO DEVEST CALVES OF VERMIN.—It often happens that calves become covered with vermin, causing them to lose flesh and look very dull. To clean the calf is a very disagreeable piece of work; but if the following recipe is adhered to, they will become clean with a very little trouble. Give the calf a tablespoonful of brimstone for three mornings in succession; if one trial does not completely rid the calf, the second will never fail. I have tried it several times, and once has been enough in each instance.—*Anon.*

BAKED CHICKEN PUDDING.—Cut up a pair of young chickens, and season them with pepper and salt, a little nutmeg and allspice. Put them into a pot with two large spoonfuls of butter, and water enough to cover them. Stew them gently, and when about half cooked, take them out, and set them away to cool. Pour off the gravy, and reserve it to be served up separately. Make batter of a pound of sifted flour stirred gradually into a quart of milk, six eggs well beaten, and added by degrees to the mixture with a very little salt. Put a layer of chicken into a very deep dish, and pour over it some of the batter; then another layer of chicken and another of batter; having a cover of batter at the top. Bake till brown. Break an egg into the reserved sauce, boil, and serve it in a sauce tureen to eat with the pudding.

SIMPLIFIED MODE OF MAKING COFFEE.—Put one ounce of ground coffee in a pan, which place over the fire; keep stirring until quite hot, but take care it does not burn; then pour over quickly a quart of boiling water, close it immediately; keep it not far from the fire, but not to simmer; then fill your cup without shaking it; or pass it through a cloth into a coffee pot, or it may be made sometime previous, and warmed again. The grounds can be kept, and boiled for making the coffee of the next day, by which at least a quarter of an ounce is saved. In country places, where milk is good and cheap, I recommend that half boiled milk should be used with the coffee. The idea of warming coffee is my own and the economy is full ten per cent.—*Soyer.*

SUPERIOR RAISIN WINE.—The water that is to be used in making this wine should be boiled, and then allowed to become perfectly cold. To every gallon of this water put into a sound, sweet cask, eight pounds of fine Malaga raisins, taking away only the large stalks. When the cask is full, lay the bung lightly over, stir the wine every other day, and keep the cask full, by the addition of water prepared as above directed. When the fermentation has entirely ceased, which will be in about seven weeks, press in the bung, and leave the wine untouched for two months. On the expiration of this time, draw the wine off into a clean cask; and, if necessary, fine it with isinglass, tied in a muslin bag, and suspended in it. Excellent vinegar can be made from the refuse raisins, by pouring fresh water on them, and placing the cask in the sun. March is, perhaps, the best time for making the wine.

FOR WHITE HANDS.—In order to preserve the hands soft and white, they should always be washed in warm water, with fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to ensure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any accidental pursuit which may hurt the color of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon juice will restore their whiteness for the time; and lemon soap is proper to wash them with.

DOMESTIC GINGER BEER.—Two gallons of ginger beer may be made as follows:—Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire; add to it two ounces of good ginger, and two pounds of white or brown sugar. Let all this come to the boil, and continue for half an hour. Then skim the liquor, and pour it into a jar or tub, along with one sliced lemon, and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold, put in a teacupful of yeast, to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made; and after it has worked for two days, strain it and bottle it for use. Tie the corks down firmly.

TO DRESS LARGE CABBAGE.—There is some cabbage which is very large and solid, and which requires long cooking to render it wholesome. The following recipe, furnished by a physician, by which the cabbage is divested of its unpleasant odor and unwholesome properties, will be found worthy the attention of good housewives, and particularly of those who have a consideration for the digestive powers of themselves and others:—Trim the cabbage, cut it almost in quarters, but do not divide it entirely, and let it be for an hour in salt and water, to free it from insects. Have ready a pot *full* of boiling water, seasoned with a teaspoonful of salt, into which put the cabbage, and let it boil an hour and a half, skimming it occasionally. Take it out, drain it through a colander, and then pour cold water upon it from a pump, jug, or pitcher, till it has become cold all through. Having thrown away all the first water, clean and fill the pot again, and when it boils put in the cabbage, which by this time will be quite cold, and boil it for two hours or two and a half. When the stalk is perfectly tender, take up the cabbage, and drain it, pressing it down with a broad ladle to squeeze out the moisture; lay it in a deep dish, and cut it entirely into quarters. Lay some bits of fresh butter among the leaves, add a little pepper, cover the dish, and send it to table. If preferred to be cooked with ham or bacon, the second boiling can be in the pot with the meat.

TO STEW CABBAGE.—Parboil in milk and water, and drain it; then shred it, and put it into a stew-pan, with a small piece of butter, a small tea-cupful of cream and seasoning, and stew tender. Or, it may be stewed in white or brown gravy.

OCEAN HALL.

[A Newport correspondent of Bentley's Magazine gives the following admirably-close and amusing parody on the "Locksley Hall" of Tennyson:]

Comrades, leave me here a little, ere the morning comes along;
Leave me here—and when you want me, sound upon the Ocean gong.
'Tis the street—and all around me, as of old, the fog does fall,
Looming round our human bird-cage, Ocean House and Ocean Hall.
Ocean House, that in the distance overlooks the Bathing-Beach,
And Goff's avenue of shanties, that you wade through dust to reach.
Many a night in you peaked chamber, high up in the roof, I've lain,
Baking, roasting, toasting, toasting, hoping day would come again.
Many a night, at hours morely, groping up with stumbling tread,
Have I cursed the men who'd taken all the candles up to bed.
Up and down the entry wandered, trying where my key would fit,
Peering in through chinks and crannies, where I saw a candle lit.
Often where a fellow-boarder has been sunk in brief repose,
Giving evidence of slumber, by loud breathing through his nose,
Have I slipped into his attic—ravished his towel from the wall,
Filched his water, grabbed his table—lawful spoil at Ocean Hall.
In the "season" men are starving. Charity bestows—a grin,
And decrees that every stranger who arrives be "taken in."
In the season, hunger, darkness, heat, and noise, are bought and sold;
In the season mud is water, air is dust, and both are gold.
Then her cheek was paler, thinner, than should be for one so young;
But she'd been at Saratoga, dancing since the heat begun.
In the Ocean Hall I saw her (Bloomy introduced us two),
And I stammered, "May I have—the—honor of a dance with you?"
Standing where twelve brilliant burners had concentred all their rays,
In a robe of *truffled* satin, *garnie a la Mayonaise*,
Chose flours that Martelle had furnished crowned her brow and decked her hair,
And her corsage (made by Steadman) had been dressed *a la Nodiere*.
Bloomy told me that her father (Miot, of Lamb, Miat, Sauce, and Co.,)
Had eight hundred thousand dollars—might have more, he didn't know
Love took up the glass of hope, and turned it in his eager hands,
Every vision lightly shaken ran itself in golden sands;
Love took up that book of music, where bank-notes alone are penned,
And *crescendo* marks each movement, till a crash winds up the penned.
"Speculation" it was lettered, but the careless world don't see,
How the "C" has been so blotted, that the word begins with "P."
Every morning at the alley, where the ten-pins rattle down,
Did I meet her all that fortnight in an omelette-colored gown—
Every noon upon the beaches led her in a tunic red,
'Neath the heads of hackmen's horses, dripping from a "watery bed."
Every afternoon I met her, bound by Bateman's dusty roach,
Or in Pendleather's coaches, creeping o'er the Second Beach;
Every evening in the ball-room whirled we spinning through the throng,
Till the New York steamer's whistle ended off the *cotillon*.
Oh, thou heartless Ann Eliza! Ann Eliza dear no more!
Oh, you dreary, dreary beaches!—oh, you cold, deserted shore!
Blacker than my pen can etch thee—falser than the notes you sung,
Wherefore cut me dead last Monday, smiling as you passed along?
Was it right of you to cut me? Having known me—was I fair
Thus to pass your old acquaintance with that cursed conceited air?
Weakness to be wroth with weakness! Woman's pleasure is man's pain.
Nature cut them out for cutting—wherefore should a fool complain?
Belles! A ball-room flirt is justly named a *belle* with empty head.
And a tongue that jangles duly when folks marry or are dead.
Oh, to burst from belles and flirting; Will she mind it should she find
I am married to another? Will she wish she'd changed her mind?
I will seek some girl more handsome; there are plenty about town.
I will take some poorer woman, with a hundred thousand down.
I will take her out to Paris, give her gowns and jewels rare,
Till the envious Ann Eliza tears her *bandeaux* in despair.
Shall I seek Professor Lawton? Shall he teach me "hearts to win?"
Through the columns of the "Herald" putting advertisements in?
What such thing I'll do I know not, but farewell, thou Ocean Hall!
Not for me your band may jingle—not for me your Fancy ball.
There's another fog that's creeping from the marsh behind the bay,
And the fog-bell in the harbor warns the steamer on her way.
Let it fall on Ocean Hall—on Ocean Hall or fast or slow—
Hark! I hear the steamboat's whistle—loud they call me, and I go!

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"In the first place, in comparing notes, we find that she intercepted our letters—and wrote to him fictitious accounts of my excellence of health and spirits, but also of my father's fierce and haughty temper, that Francois might practice discretion, and at the same time feel perfectly easy upon my account, while refraining from visiting me. Ah, well! I was, as I have intimated, half prepared to hear of that unhappy woman's treachery; but not so ready for what was next disclosed to me. To go back a little, while I was at school, my brother Eustace in his casual visits to me had formed a slight acquaintance with the young French master. And when Eustace went to town, preparatory to sailing for the Eastern Continent, he again met, or rather indeed, *sought* Francis Laglorieux, to obtain from him some information about modern Paris. Francois, while imparting all the practical knowledge he could bestow upon the subject, also intrusted to Eustace letters, and presents, and money for the mother and sister he had left behind in France, and who were still dependant upon the young French teacher for support. Eustace cordially accepted the commission, and even after his arrival in France, went to see them at their home in the little village of Bellesœuvres. His presence was opportune—he found Madame Laglorieux in a mortal illness, and Genevieve, the sister, in great affliction. The beauty and the sorrow of this young creature equally impressed the susceptible nature of Eustace. He delivered the remittances entrusted to him by Francois, offered his services to the family, and lost no time in writing to inform the latter of the state of affairs at Bellesœuvres. But delay followed delay. The navigation of the ocean, and even the overland mail routes were not then what they are now. Railroads were rare, and steamships unknown. M—— was the nearest sea-port, and an unusually long time intervened before the sailing of a vessel for the United States, and that one was bound for New Orleans. You will understand now how it was that five months had elapsed before that letter found its way to Francois. It reached him long after his marriage with me, and his return to his duties in the city schools. Then there ensued the delay before a ship sailed for M——. It was yet nearly a month before he would get an opportunity to embark. At length, however, he wrote me a letter explaining the necessity of his voyage, and promising a speedy return. A letter which, being entrusted to Mrs. Malmaison, of course, never reached me. He then set sail, and after a voyage of two months, arrived at M——, and hastended out to Bellesœuvres, where he learned with deep grief that his mother had been for some months deceased—but also, that Eustace Malmaison had married the beautiful orphan. There was then an exchange of confidences between the young brothers-in-law. Francois confided to Eustace the secret of his marriage with me, and his consequent obligations to return immediately to America to be *near* it, not *with* me. And he became the bearer of letters from Eustace to his father—letters which being entrusted to Mrs. Malmaison, shared the fate of other trusts confided to that conscientious woman's care. Eustace must have been very sanguine of his father's forgiveness, for at the time of Francois's embarkation for the United States, Eustace, with his youthful bride, proceeded on his tour of Europe, spending recklessly the money that should have been spared for their future contingencies. Francois reached home to find one letter from me that Mrs. Malmaison had thought proper to transmit. It was a letter fondly reproaching him for his long silence. He replied to it—explaining that silence by the long voyage which he said he had previously announced to me, and from which he had returned as quickly as a letter could have returned—for he had come back in the first homeward-bound ship. Of course, that epistle was never permitted to reach me, nor did I ever hear of it until to-day. At that very time while I was breaking my heart at the supposed neglect of Francois, he was writing to Mrs. Malmaison again and again to explain the cause of my silence; and she was putting him off with one after another of the most plausible excuses. At last, Francois resolved to come down and see me, and announced his intention to Mrs. Malmaison, who wrote back by return mail, imploring him not to think of so rash a measure—telling him that Colonel Malmaison was furious about the marriage of his son, and that Eustace joined herself in entreating him not to approach the house or farther risk enraging her old and suffering father, etc., etc., for there was a great deal more of it. Francois felt aggravated, and began to doubt the fidelity of my affection for him, and wrote to me to that effect, an epistle which, of course, went no farther than Mrs. Malmaison's honest hands. While Francois still cherished the purpose of coming to me, and only waited for my answer to his letter before setting out for Mount Storm, he one day received a letter from his sister, filled with lamentations announcing the death of her husband, who had fallen a victim to the annual fever at M——, and tegging Francois to come over to her at once, for that she was ill, alone, and in great need. Francois immediately enclosed his poor sister's letter with one from himself for me, in an envelope directed to Mrs. Malmaison, (who, of course, suppressed the whole,) and then he sailed for M——, arrived in due time, and hastened out to Bellesœuvres, where he found his sister alone in the little cottage formerly occupied by his mother. She was in desperate need. And Francois himself was almost equally poor, having spent his slender earnings in the voyage. But he promised to remain and take care of her until she should be well enough to return with him to the United States. And then, failing to get any sort of remunerative employment, he sold his watch and chain, and seals—then his dressing-case—and even finally his best suit of clothes, to supply his necessities. * * * * *

It was at this time that I in my frantic impatience and grief left the safe shelter of my own home and my father's protection to seek Francois. And it was here, after a long and weary search, that I at last found him, in the village at Bellesœuvres. And the delicate creature that I so naturally mistook for his love, was his only sister, my own brother's youthful widow, your own beautiful mother, Vivia! There! now you know all! Only that they grew daily poorer—that Francois denied himself the necessaries of life that Genevieve might have its comforts—that he would not allow himself a sufficiency of coarse food, lest she should not have an abundance of fine. Finally, severe privations, together with grief and anxiety, threw him upon a bed of sickness. And Genevieve was forced to enter the hospital. You have heard that your mother went to Heaven the day that you came into this world, Vivia? Ah! well, Francois, your uncle, lost no time after his convalescence, in removing you from the hospital. He gave you your mother's full name in baptism—called you Genevieve Laglorieux—placed you temporarily in the charge of the sisterhood at the Convent of Bellesœuvres—and then he returned to America, wrote to your grandfather, giving all the particulars of your birth, and commending you to his care. Mrs. Malmaison intercepted and answered that letter—telling him that Colonel Malmaison utterly refused to acknowledge the infant, or hold any sort of communication with the family into which his son had married; and finally crushing Francois with the intelligence of my disappearance from the neighborhood, misrepresenting that event as a wanton elopement, a heinous act of unfaithfulness to him. In a conflict of grief, dismay, and incredulity, Francois hastened up into the neighborhood of Mount Storm, where he failed of obtaining an interview with Colonel Malmaison, but succeeded in meeting Ada, whose spoken words confirmed her letters, and where he everywhere heard her version of the elopement corroborated; for it is needless to say that that woman, through the agency of Bridget, had set her own account of the family misfortune in circulation through the neighborhood. There were dozens who would have told him could they have induced him to listen, all the details of Miss Malmaison's running away with a handsome stranger, whom no one believed to possess a farthing to support her. When, at that very time I was—as it were—dying with grief while passing through my noviciate at the Convent of M——. About the same time that I received the black veil, Francois, ignorant of my fate, and in despair at my supposed guilt, returned to France, assumed the guardianship of his infant niece, yourself, Vivia, indignantly repudiated the name of Malmaison, and gave you his own, and placed you for nurture and education a permanent pensioner at the Convent of Bellesœuvres, and in the course of a year, himself entered holy orders. However, as years passed, notwithstanding Mrs. Malmaison's utmost vigilance, Colonel Malmaison heard a rumor that his eldest son, Eustace, had died and left a motherless little girl in France. Time and death had calmed his anger against Eustace, and he wished to do justice to the orphan. He instituted farther inquiries that were so baffled and defeated by Mrs. Malmaison's persevering diplomacy, that all he learned in years was the name of the orphan's guardian. Then he wrote a letter, sent it to the care of the Superior General of the Jesuits in France, whence it was sure to find and reach the humblest member of that order for whom it might be intended, and whence at last it found its way to Father Francis, who was then, you know, the parish priest at Fermanaugh, in Ireland, where you also resided a pupil at that convent school. That letter brought you over, Vivia. Yet that woman, Ada, succeeded in preventing a meeting and defeating the great object of your voyage. She had art sufficient to silence and send off Francois, then the wickedness to destroy all evidences of your identity, and pass you off upon the world as her niece, while to me she affected to confide the secret that you were the child of her half-sister. And but for Bridget's late repentance, which cost that poor creature her life, we should never have had the clue to this mystery."

"But what could have been the motive of that wretched woman to engage in such a complication of deception?" inquired Vivia, in a sort of horror.

"To secure to herself the male heir, and through him to farther secure the use of the vast inheritance—wealth, rank, position, and social consequence!"

Thus the nun and the maiden continued to converse upon the subject of the narrative just related by the former, until their attention was arrested by a ring at the hall door-bell, soon followed by the appearance of the Mother-Portress with the announcement of

"A visitor for the Mother-Superior—a young gentleman."

"Oh Heaven, it is my child at last! it is Austin! Go, my dear Vivia, and receive him, and bring him hither!" faltered the Abbess in a feeble voice, as she sank back nearly fainting in her chair, and with one hand covered her face.

In a few moments, while she still sat thus, she felt some one gently sink at her feet, and as gently raise her disengaged hand and press it to his lips. And unveiling her eyes she beheld her son on his knee before her, still holding her hand while his gaze was lifted fondly, reverently to her face.

"Oh, Austin! Oh, my child!" she cried passionately, rising and throwing up her arms.

He started up suddenly to receive her, as with a gush of irrepressible tears she fell upon his neck.

"My mother—my dear mother," he said, folding her to his bosom, and then holding her there in reverential silence.

"Austin! oh, Austin!" she cried, amid bursts of emotion, "my child—my child, I am a stranger to you—to you, whom, absent and unclaimed, I have ever loved with more than a mother's tenderness—yes, Austin, with more—infinitely more—for that sorrowful affection was mingled with all a mother's bitter and passionate regret—remorse! And now, Austin! now! I am a stranger to you—to you, who have always lived in my heart! how wonderful! how terrible!" she groaned with a shudder.

"No, my own dear mother! not a stranger are you to me, but a mother very intimate and very, very sweet to my heart you are. Listen, dear mother, for many years you have been familiar to my mind and dear to my heart. First of all from a casual sight of your beloved face as you stood distributing food to the poor at the Convent gate—your pale, beneficent face, that ever after with a sweet and solemn influence haunted my mind—then, when I came to know you through the frequent conversation of our Vivia, so that when finally our mutual relations were made known to me, I was prepared to hail with joy the intelligence, and was also enabled to interpret by natural causes the seemingly occult attraction I had always felt towards you. Ah! no, my mother! not strange, but familiar, congenial, sweet, consoling are you to me, as may Heaven grant I may be to you," said Austin, as, amid the tenderest and most reverential caresses, he replaced her in the chair, and seated himself at her feet.

Vivia silently withdrew and left word with the portress that she should return to spend the night with the Mother-Superior.

On this, the first day of her arrival, Vivia had many friends to see, and as they could not yet know of her presence in the neighborhood, the quickest and the simplest course was for her to go and seek them. There was no carriage at hand but that in which Austin had come, and of which she did not wish to deprive him. But there was Brother Peter's old mule Salome, and there was a side-saddle for the use of the Sisters when they had to call Salome's sturdy strength into service to convey some one of them upon a distant visit of charity. Vivia hastened down to Brother Peter at the gate. She found the old man in his rusty black gown and round scull cap sitting in the door reading his "office" under the shade of the vines. He was so intent upon his task that he did not observe her approach.

"Brother Peter."

"*Deus Ira*—*Deus*."

"I say, Brother Peter."

"*Deus Ira*—don't interrupt me—when I am praising the Lord! *Deus Ira*," continued the old man without looking up.

"Do you call that praising the Lord? To me it sounds fearfully like reproaching Him."

"Eh! oh! is it you, my child? Yes in a moment! *Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto*."

"Ah! that will do better!"

"Now, child, I can listen to you. But how glad I am to see you then! There has been a wondrous going to and fro, and driving up and down between the Convent and the world. But I did not think in all their bringing they had brought you, my dear!" said the old man cordially.

"Or that I had brought you two new cassocks, a half-dozen velvet caps, and a hamper of *real* port wine, which, I think, is good for one of your age?"

"So it is, child! so it is! notwithstanding fanaticism. There should be moderation in all things, my dear, and most especially in temperance! And I thank you heartily for your gift, and I promise faithfully to drink a single glass every day at dinner, and to give a bottle of it to any sick that need it."

"And now will you lend me Salome to ride over to Red Ridge?"

"Right willingly, my child. Sit you here while I order her to be saddled and brought down." So saying the old man hobbled away on his errand. And in ten minutes the mule was brought, the young lady mounted, and on her way to Red Ridge.

When she reached the farm-house, notwithstanding that the farm appeared in a flourishing condition, and the house in good keeping, there was an atmosphere of gloom and disappointment about the place which Vivia felt without being able to explain; but which was interpreted when riding up to the gate, she inquired of the little negro boy that came to take her horse—

"Is Mrs. Basil at home?"

"No, miss. Marse Basil and Miss Teodora done gone."

"Gone! where?"

"Id' know, miss."

"When did they go?"

"Id' know, miss—'tother week!"

Finding she could get but little satisfaction from this small sample of a groom, she alighted, gave him the reins, and was walking up to the house, when the door suddenly opened and old Mrs. Wildman, Miss Elizabeth, Helen and Miss Nelly Parrot, who had caught sight of her from the window, all rushed out to greet her, and amid exclamations of joy they hurried her into the house, took off her bonnet and gloves, and seated her in the pleasantest seat by the window.

And then Vivia had to listen to poor old Mrs. Wildman's gratitude and praises of Austin, before she could find an opportunity of inquiring for Theodora.

"Ah! my dear child," replied the old lady, "Theodora never fully recovered her health, and just about the time that we heard of poor Ada Malmaison and of your being expected home, Basil happened to take it into his head that the Bedford water would be good for Theodora, and as Wakefield Brunton's summer vacation had commenced, they made a party to go there for a couple of months. Basil and Wakefield, and Dora and Helen were to be the set—but Helen, you see, good girl! concluded at last to stay at home and save money and help me, good girl, Miss Genevieve."

"We were all very much shocked at hearing of Mrs. Malmaison's death? pray was she ill long?"

"No, Miss Elizabeth. She died suddenly."

"Dear me, how shocking. What was her disease—congestion of the brain? attack of the heart? or what?" inquired Miss Elizabeth, with a look of sincere sympathy.

"It is a most painful subject, please let us not pursue it," said Vivia, turning pale.

"Ah! forgive me, my dear, I was very, very thoughtless; but I would not have willingly distressed you for the world."

"Humph!" ejaculated Miss Nelly Parrott, in a tone of such emphatic irony as decided Vivia to give a plain and direct, though to her audience, a perfectly safe, because utterly unintelligible answer. "Mrs. Malmaison died of hydracyanic-acid, Miss Parrott.

"Ah! she did! and does that always kill suddenly?"

"Very suddenly, Miss Parrott."

"Oh, yes, so it does!" I recollect."

"Hy—hy"—said Mrs. Wildman, in a musing tone—"well I never heern tell *of that* complaint before, though the doctors do have so many *new* names for old complaints, that it does bother my head! Now no longer than last week I was scared out of my life thinking one of my nigger men was going to be a moon-struck madman, because the doctor allowed how he had the *new-mooney*—when come to find out it was nothing but an inflamation in the chest. And here t'other winter, Doctor Throgmorton e'en almost driv the last nail in my coffin, with telling of me—and the words has run in my head ever since—how I had the chronic facial *new*-rology—when what do you think but it was just nothing at all but the old-fashioned rheumatis! Now I do suppose that this hy—hy"—

"How I do despise ignorance!" interjected Miss Parrott, "perfectly despise it! But after all, how should a person of your rank know that hydra—hydra—hem, hem! *hydra—what's its name*, means being bit by a mad dog!"

Here silence fell upon the little company, and they thought they understood why it was that Vivia could not bear any allusion to the subject. When next they spoke it was upon another topic. And soon after Vivia took her leave.

"So Wakefield also has gone—well! perhaps it *is* as well!" thought Vivia, as she turned her mule's head up the mountain-path that led to the widow Brunton's. The place was so improved that Vivia could scarcely recognize it. The dear old log hut had been put in complete repair, and formed quite a picturesque addition to the neat cottage that rose beside it. The fences and the few outbuildings were in excellent keeping, and the garden and the meadow in a very flourishing condition. The widow was spinning under the shade of the trees before her cottage door, but she turned with joy to greet Vivia as the latter alighted from her mule.

"Yes, Wakefield has gone to Bedford to earn a little money, as assistant clerk of the house during the season," said his mother, "but I am quite sure that he did not know that you were expected home so soon, Miss Genevieve, or he would have remained here at your orders."

"But I have no claim upon Wakefield, Mrs. Brunton," said Vivia, gently.

"Yes! every sort of claim to his most devoted service, Miss Genevieve. He is at once your beneficiary and your almoner, Miss Laglorieuse," said the widow, affectionately.

"Where are your daughters, Mrs. Brunton?" inquired Vivia, as well to change the subject as from the interest she felt in those young girls.

"Oh, Alice is with me, but her sister Annie has entered the Convent as a postulant!"

"And are you willing that Annie should take the veil?" inquired Vivia, gravely.

"Willing? certainly, I only wish her welfare and her happiness—and since she finds that in the life of a Sister of Charity, why Heaven bless her! so let it be!"

"Mrs. Brunton," said Vivia, after a pause, "there are changes now in progress in this neighborhood, that are likely to affect—among others—you and myself. In the first place there is to be opened, in September, a seminary for boys, that will be the end of Wakefield's little school. *That* we can not, for his sake, regret, since it will send him forth into the great world, where his talents will have a far wider range of usefulness."

"Ah! may the Lord grant that last!"

"Be you sure the Lord will grant it?" said Vivia, in an earnest tone. "And now, Mrs. Brunton, in the second place, in the division of my grandfather's estate, the other heirs have determined to give me for my portion, the new house at Sunset Hills. It is not likely that I shall be married, yet still I wish to keep house, in which case I shall need a matron to give conventional propriety to my establishment. Well, then, when Wakefield shall have left this place to make a fortune for you, will you in the meanwhile, come and live with me, and be my mother?"

From her astonishment the widow was unable to answer—and Vivia continued.

"Of course you will also bring Alice, who shall be my sister."

"Miss Genevieve!"

"I know it is a grave thing I ask of you, to break up your old home and come and be the mother of a lonely girl; but you know me, dear Mrs. Brunton, and can rely on my word, when I tell you that it shall be the study of my life to make you happy, as though you were indeed my mother."

"I know you would. Oh! my darling! it is not that!"

"You are thinking that Wakefield will have no home to come to, when he re-visits this neighborhood. He will, however; for we will furnish a room joining yours and Alice's, and keep it for him when he comes to see you, and we will call it Wakefield's room."

"Miss Genevieve"—began the widow, and then her voice broke, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Come, I see I have been too hasty with my proposition. You must take a little time to consider it. And by the day that I shall be ready to take possession of my new house, I hope that you may be willing to join me," said Vivia, gently.

"My darling, it is not *that*, either! my blessed one, don't you know that you could not ask me anything that I would not do for you! And if this were a thing that required any sacrifice on my part—don't you know how quickly I would accept it? But you offer me, in your delicate way, a luxurious home with leisure, and with your companionship, and all that I have perhaps wrongly craved, but surely never hoped to possess, and—ought I to take it?"

"Dear Mrs. Brunton, the world would never permit me, a young, unmarried woman, to keep house without the presence of some respectable elderly matron. In a word, I cannot, and will not attempt to do so, unless you consent to confer on me this favor."

"Favor! good Heavens!"

"And as I said—I will give you your own time to consider it, and your own terms in accepting it. And now I must return, as I sleep at the Convent to-night. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye—and the Lord forever bless you, my dear child."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ORNAMENTAL GARDEN-SEAT.

The very light and elegant design for a garden-seat, with which we present our readers this week, is from Germany. Besides a seat, it includes a bower formed by training a light tree or creeping plant over an umbrella-shaped construction of airy and graceful character. The whole forms an elegant and useful ornament for lawns, &c. The material is iron, but slate slabs or painted wood may be used for the floor and seat.

A CRUSADE UPON HAIR-OILS.

An old London Magazine has a regular crusade upon hair-oils, from which we extract the following:—

"If the ladies will trust to our science on the subject of hair, in the first place we can assure them, most confidently, that so far is it from being true that oils and pomatums increase the lustre of the hair, their effect is to diminish that polish which it naturally possesses; while, whatever gloss they may give to hair which is naturally dull, is false, and, like all falsities, disgusting. Absolute cleanliness, by means of water alone, to commence, followed by brushing in the direction of the hair itself, in a dry state, is the true method of giving to the hair all the polish of which it is susceptible; and it is the effect of oils of all kinds to disturb or injure this; to say nothing of the disgust and necessary dirtiness of greasy hair. It is the effect of oils also to prevent it from curling; and this object is most effectually obtained, if without artificial means, by curling it when wet, and suffering it to dry in that state. And as it happens that almost all hair has a tendency to curl in one direction rather than in another, it is useful to study that tendency, so as to conform to it in the artificial flexure given. As to artificial applications, the whole of the so-called curling fluids are mere impositions; while one, which *is* really effectual, and at the same time inoffensive, is a weak solution of isinglass, by which a very firm and permanent form can be given to the hair.

"Let us still remark, while on the subject of oils or greasy substances, that while there are, perhaps, five hundred pomatum and oils, the object, whatever it be, can be equally attained by one, or at least by two, a fluid one, and one more solid. Bear's grease, as it is called, is a common imposture; in the first place, as there is very rarely such a thing in reality to be procured; while, if there were, it is no other than any other lard. The reason why bear's grease was, or is, esteemed better than any other, is absurd enough, resting on the ancient Rosicrucian doctrine of signatures; and, as in the case of a yolk of an egg and of dandelion for jaundice, and of a thousand similar nostrums with which medicine was so long and still is encumbered, the mere detection of the cause of its adoption ought to be sufficient proof of its *value*. The bear has long hair; ergo, his grease must be good for promoting hair!

"No grease on earth, though the bear that bore it had hair reaching from Greenland to Kamtschatcka, has the least effect, or can have the least effect in making the hair grow thicker, unless grease could produce in the skin those radical organs whence hairs grow with a growth resembling that of vegetables. Thickness is number; and he who would multiply the number of hairs, might as well attempt to multiply the number of legs and arms. Nourishing, and all this phraseology, is just what this phraseology is—words. One only effect is asserted upon *ideas*; namely, that oil prevents the hair from splitting at the extremities. How? it may be asked. When the hair splits, it is because that portion is dead: the vegetable life has ceased thus far; and unless oil could restore that life, unless bear's grease, or any other grease, had the power of conferring immortality on the hair, it will split and wither, in spite of all the grease of the biggest whale that ever ploughed Baffin's Bay, or all the bears from pole to pole. We might as well attempt to revive the rotten branch of an oak with bear's grease, or to make the mast of one of his Majesty's seventy-four's shoot forth a goodly crop of branches.

"The fact is, that the whole is an imposture; oils, pomatums, and all; bear's grease, Macassar, and Rowland, huile a la tuberose, huile antique; huiles and pomades, divine, or whatever else. Excepting so far as pomatum may be used for stiffening or compacting the hair into dirty and greasy masses, or oils for converting the easy and loose flow of nature's ornamental locks into nasty rats' tails, the whole is but a method of extracting money from vanity and fashion. It is but a rivalry of the stinking Hottentots, a relic of savage barbarism. As to the *chemistry* itself, if the ladies *will* make themselves greasy and disgusting, olive oil, alone, is the only oil that is necessary, hog's lard is the only pomatum; and if it is not sufficiently stiff, let it be stiffened to the taste by wax. It is an apothecary's plaster, or an apothecary's ointment, according to its consistence; it is neither more nor less. The rest is all perfume; nothing more; and the lady's maid, or the lady herself, who desires to have a greasy head, may save her money and her care, by sending down to the cook for a little oil from the flask, or a little lard from the bladder; or else, to the apothecary, for a little simple ointment, preparing it to her own fancy.

"However, as long as female vanity exists (and when will it cease?) we write in vain. The five hundred oils and pomatums will go on being made, and the angel who loves herself better than cleanliness, will go on making herself greasy and odorous. But it is all for the best; or how should trade flourish, how should money circulate from pockets too full to pockets too empty?"

SINGULAR MODE OF REFORMING A SERVANT.—"During the year 1798, there appeared in one of the Irish journals an advertisement from a servant, stating that he was without a *character*, and had many faults, but hoped to mend. A confession so frank, and so uncommon in that class of people, caught the eye of a gentleman, near Dublin, well known for his eccentric humor, who sent for him, and thus addressed him:—"You graceless dog, that seems bent on starving, pray where and with whom did you last live?" "With Squire B.," replied the valet, "and an ill-natured unreasonable man he was, an't please your honor, though it is true I gave him some small cause; would you believe it, sir, for no other reason in the world, than because I kept genteel hours, kissed the maids, and loved whiskey, because he missed a pair of silver-mounted pistols, and stopped my wages?" "You are the lad for my money," said the man; "you have owned your faults, which I never was able before to prevail on a servant to do; come to-morrow at nine o'clock, you idle dog, but, remember, if I catch you at any of your light-fingered tricks, you shall die in your shoes; in the meantime, take these ten guineas, and pay your old master for his pistols." The graceless rogue entered on the service of his new master, and so well did he perform his duties, that his master, at his death, left him a handsome annuity. He embarked in trade, and became a wealthy and respectable merchant of Dublin.

IVY ON BUILDINGS.—It is a mistaken idea that ivy renders a structure damp and hastens its decay. On the contrary, nothing so effectually preserves the building, as may be seen by examining beneath the ivy after rain, where it will be found that the walls are dry, though everything around is deluged with wet. Its exuberant and web like roots, issuing as they do from every portion of the branches on which it grows, bind everything together that comes within their reach, with such a firm and intricate lacework, that not a single stone can be removed from its position without first tearing away its protecting safeguard. In proof of this, we refer to ruins of ancient castles and buildings; for while in those parts of the structure that have not the advantage of this protection, all has gone to utter decay, where the ivy has thrown its preserving mantle, everything is comparatively fresh and perfect, and oftentimes the very angles of the sculptured stone are found to be almost as sharp and entire as when they first came from the hands of the builder.

USEFUL USELESSNESS.—I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but not the owners.—*Swift.*

☞ The use of knowledge is to make us happier. The mind may be compared to the beautiful statue of Love, by Praxiteles—when its eyes were bandaged, the countenance seemed grave and sad; but the moment you remove the bandage, the most serene and enchanting smile diffused itself over the whole face.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LOVE OF NATURE.—In consequence of his unselfishness and humility, Scott's enjoyment of nature is incomparably greater than that of any other poet I know. All the rest carry their cares to her, and begin maundering in her ears about their own affairs. Tennyson goes out on a furzy common, and sees it is calm autumn sunshine, but it gives him no pleasure. He only remembers that it is

"Dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep."

He sees a thunder cloud in the evening, and would have "doted and pored" on it, but cannot, for fear it should bring the ship bad weather. Keats drinks the beauty of nature violently; but has no more real sympathy with her than he has with a bottle of claret. His palate is fine: but he "bursts joy's grape against it," gets nothing but misery, and a bitter taste of dregs, out of his desperate draught. Byron and Shelley are nearly the same, only with less truth of perception, and even more troublesome selfishness. Wordsworth is more like Scott, and understands how to be happy, but yet cannot altogether rid himself of the sense that he is a philosopher, and ought always to be saying something wise. He has also a vague notion that nature would not be able to get on well without Wordsworth; and finds a considerable part pleasure in looking at himself as well as at her. But with Scott the love is entirely humble and unselfish. "I, Scott, am nothing, and less than nothing; but these crags, and heaths, and clouds, how great they are, how lovely, how forever to be beloved, only for their own silent, thoughtless sake!"—*Ruskin.*

INEXHAUSTIBILITY OF LITERATURE.—Books are the cause of books. Were there no books in the world, it might be difficult to write one; but because there are so many, there may be so many more. The rays of intellectual light are, by the prismatic operation of books, broken into an infinity of lines and colors. Men may as soon cease to talk, as to cease to read and write books. All our daily and hourly talk may be made matter of literature, as, and of interesting literature, too. The more books that are printed, the more food is given to the mind; and the more nourishment the mind receives, the more vigorous its powers; and the greater its strength, the more valuable its thoughts, and the more exalted its powers and capacities. There is no one topic in the whole range of literary interest that can be conceived capable of exhaustion; and in matters of imagination there is no intellectual foresight, however sagacious, that is capable of conjecturing what may be done.—*London Atlas.*

☞ Repetition, the pest of conversation, is the charm of friendly chat.—*Jean Paul.*

COLONEL FREMONT.

Our attention has been directed to a very striking testimonial to the talents and acquirements of the distinguished South Carolinian, who is now a candidate for the Presidency. It is found in an edition of the Anabasis of Xenophon, prepared by Dr. J. Roberton, and published by Lippincott & Co., of this city, in 1850. In the preface of this work, which is dated Philadelphia, August, 1850, Dr. Roberton, addressing himself to the students for whose use his book was designed, relates for their encouragement what he calls "a very remarkable instance of patient diligence and indomitable perseverance." We subjoin his narrative:

"In the year 1827, after I had returned to Charleston, S. C., from Scotland, and my classes were going on, a very respectable lawyer came to my school, I think some time in the month of October, with a youth apparently about sixteen, or perhaps not so much, of middle size, graceful in manners, rather slender, but well formed, and, upon the whole, what I would call handsome; of a keen, piercing eye, and a noble forehead seemingly the very seat of genius. The gentleman stated that he found him given to study, that he had been about three weeks learning the Latin rudiments, and (hoping, I suppose, to turn the youth's attention from the law to the ministry,) resolved to place him under my care for the purpose of learning Greek, Latin and Mathematics, sufficient to enter Charleston College. I very gladly received him, for I immediately perceived he was no common youth, as intelligence beamed in his dark eye, and shone brightly on his countenance, indicating great ability, and an assurance of his future progress. I at once put him in the highest class, just beginning to read Cæsar's Commentaries, and although at first inferior, his prodigious memory and enthusiastic application soon enabled him to surpass the best. He began Greek at the same time, and read with some who had been long at it, in which he also soon excelled. In short, in the space of one year, he had with the class, and at odd hours with myself, read four books of Cæsar, Cornelius Nepos, Sallust, six books of Virgil, nearly all Horace and two books of Livy; and in Greek, all Græca Minora, about the half of the first volume of Græca Majora, and four books of Homer's Iliad. And whatever he read, he retained. It seemed to me, in fact, as if he learned by mere intuition. I was myself utterly astonished, and at the same time delighted with his progress. I have hinted above that he was designed for the church, but when I contemplated his bold, fearless disposition, his powerful inventive genius, his admiration of warlike exploits, and his love of heroic and adventurous deeds, I did not think it likely he would be a Minister of the Gospel. He had not, however, the least appearance of any vice whatever. On the contrary, he was always the very pattern of virtue and modesty. I could not help loving him, so much did he captivate me by his gentlemanly conduct and extraordinary progress. It was easy to see that he would one day raise himself to eminence. Whilst under my instruction, I discovered his early genius for poetic composition in the following manner:—When the Greek class read the account that Herodotus gives of the battle of Marathon, the bravery of Miltiades and his ten thousand Greeks, raised his patriotic feelings to enthusiasm, and drew from him expressions which I thought were embodied a few days afterward in some well-written verses in a Charleston paper, on that far-famed, unequal, but successful conflict against tyranny and oppression, and suspecting my talented scholar to be the author, I went to his desk and asked him if he did not write them; and hesitating at first, rather blushingly, he confessed he did. I then said: 'I knew you could do such things, and I suppose you have some such pieces by you, which I should like to see. Do bring them to me.' He consented, and in a day or two brought me a number, which I read with pleasure and admiration at the strong marks of genius stamped on all, but here and there requiring, as I thought, a very slight amendment.

"I had hired a mathematician to teach both him and myself, (for I could not then teach that science,) and in this he also made such wonderful progress, that at the end of one year he entered the Junior Class in Charleston College triumphantly, whilst others who had been studying four years and more were obliged to take the Sophomore class. About the end of the year 1828, I left Charleston, but I heard that he highly distinguished himself, and graduated in 1830. After that he taught Mathematics for some time, and then went to study law under a certain celebrated Senator. His career afterwards has been one of heroic adventure, of hair-breadth escapes by flood and field, and of scientific explorations, which have made him world-wide renowned. In a letter I received from him very lately, he expresses his gratitude to me in the following words: 'I am very far from either forgetting you, or neglecting you, or in any way losing the old regard I had for you. There is no time to which I go back with more pleasure than that spent with you, for there was no time so thoroughly well spent, and of anything I may have learned, I remember nothing so well, and so distinctly, as what I acquired with you.' Here I cannot help saying that the merit was almost all his own. It is true that I encouraged and cheered him on, but if the soil into which I put the seeds of learning had not been of the richest quality, they never would have sprung up to a hundred fold in the full ear. Such, my young friends, is but an imperfect sketch of my once beloved and favorite pupil, now a Senator, who may yet rise to be at the head of this great and growing Republic."

A Singular Affair.—We have a bit of news from Holland, which, coming at this time, excites a good deal of attention. A man at the Hague, becoming tired of his wife, attempted to poison her in the following manner:—They sat down to dinner, and while she left the room, or her back was turned, he put the poison into her soup. Not daring to trust himself in her presence, he feigned some excuse, and left the room. By wonderful Providence, when she came to the table, a spider had dropped from the ceiling of the room into the soup-plate. She was especially afraid of spiders, and her husband had often laughed at her for it. So she carefully took the spider out with the spoon, and finding that she could not bring herself to eat after it, she, in the absence of her husband, changed the plates, and ate his soup. After a while he came back and devoured what he supposed to be the pure soup. He was immediately taken with convulsions and expired. Before death he confessed that he had poisoned the soup, and that it must have been put before him, unintentionally, by his wife. Now how narrow was the escape of his wife, not only from being poisoned, but from being hung. If the man had died without confession, the woman must have been immediately arrested. Poison would have been found in the man and in the soup-plate. She gave him the soup. Here would have been circumstantial evidence strong enough to have hung her, and an innocent woman would have expired but for the confession.

A Dear Kiss.—A curious trial was recently held at Middlesex Sessions, in England, Thomas Saverland, the prosecutor, stated that the day after Christmas, he was in the room where the defendant, Caroline Newton, and her sister, who had come from Birmingham, were present. The latter jokingly observed that she had promised her sweetheart that no man should kiss her while absent. It being holiday time, Saverland considered this a challenge, and caught hold of her and kissed her. The young woman took it as a joke, but the sister, the defendant, said she would like as little of that fun as he pleased. Saverland told her if she was angry he would kiss her also; he then tried to do it, and they fell to the ground. On rising, the woman struck him; he again tried to kiss her, and in the scuffle she bit off his nose, which she spit out of her mouth. The action was brought to recover damages for the loss of his nose. The defendant said he had no business to kiss her; if she wanted kissing she had a husband to kiss her—a better looking man than ever the prosecutor was. The jury, without hesitation, acquitted her; and the chairman said, that if any man attempted to kiss a woman against her will, she had a perfect right to bite off his nose if she had a fancy for so doing.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 315—Adults 87, and children 148.

NEWS FROM KANSAS.

The news from Kansas continues to be of a distressing character. Gov. Shannon seems to be becoming alarmed at the lawlessness and boldness of the Missourians. The Territory was menaced by a new invasion of these persons, which caused the Governor to postpone his journey east, and remain in the Territory for the purpose of repressing the disturbances. News from Lawrence states that Col. Sumner with Gov. Shannon arrived at that place on the 13th ult., with another company of dragoons, three brass six pound field pieces, and a quantity of stores and ambulance. Col. Sumner was either aroused and determined to walk into the Border Ruffians, or wished to create the impression that he was. Gov. Shannon had received new instructions, to the effect that no "posses" must be used; that if arrests had to be made, they must be made with the aid of the troops, and the Territory must be kept clear of the invaders, &c. Sumner was very indignant at the Osawattamie affair. The troops from Fort Riley had all been ordered out, and those from Fort Kearney sent for.

The correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, under date of June 6th, records the murder of two Free State men. They were both shot down on the road by a guerille party. The same party, or another in the same vicinity, arrested several travelers, and told them that they had resolved to prevent every Free State man from leaving the Territory, and to arrest all further emigration from the Free States also!

A skirmish had taken place at Franklin, between the Free State men and the Missourians. The attack was made by the Free State men, for the purpose of recovering cannon and rifles that had been stolen from Lawrence. It proved unsuccessful. The fight lasted half an hour. None of the Free State men were injured, but two of the others were mortally wounded, and a young man had his ear shot off. Both parties retreated.

The correspondent of the New York Times thus narrates the murder of Mr. Cantrell, under date of June 12th:—"On last Thursday a party of General Whitfield's 'Westport Regulators,' who had once been dispersed by Col. Sumner, and had promised him upon the honor of gentlemen, that they would return to their homes,' took a Mr. Cantrell prisoner. Cantrell was formerly a Missourian, was a Free State man, and resided at Palmyra. His captors took him to their camp. Hardly had they got there, when Milton McGee, of Westport, and another person, took him a short distance into the wood, and shot him dead. Another prisoner who was confined in their camp at the time Cantrell was brought in, says that two persons took him a short distance from the camp, and fired three shots at him. After the first and second shots he heard screams, but after the third all was quiet. These persons returned without the prisoner.

"From other sources which had credit here, it is known that one of these persons was Milton McGee, of Westport. McGee had a son taken prisoner and wounded in one of the 'battles' which have lately taken place here. This fact enraged Milton, and he has threatened revenge. McGee is a man of influence, and of reputed wealth. He has taken great interest in the affairs of the Territory, having attended to its elections, and more than once volunteered to aid in enforcing the territorial laws.

"Cantrell was a married man. His reputation, among the few well acquainted with him, is that of a quiet, orderly man, and kind neighbor. It is reported that his wife has become insane, so badly has the circumstance weighed upon her."

Travellers from Westport report that there are seven dead bodies on Cedar Creek—or near there. One of these is the body of Mr. Cantrell; the others have not been identified.

Letters from Lawrence, dated the 13th ult., repeat numerous accounts accounts of robbery, arson, and murder. The inhabitants of that town are somewhat short of food. All provisions entering the Territory are immediately confiscated by the mob. Wagons and horses are also taken. The mails are searched. It is extremely rare that letters reach their place of destination. Several murders had taken place. Two Free State men were captured by the Missourians, and instantly shot. A woman had recently found the corpse of her husband on the prairie, where it had lain two days. He had been killed by Buricrd's Company.

No attempt has been made by the authorities to arrest the murderers, although their names are well known.

Henry Clay Pate, the correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writes from Westport, under date of June 17th, concerning Sumner's vigorous operations:

"Col. Sumner has marched a body of troops down near this place, and put the California and Santa Fe roads, the principal thoroughfares leading into the Territory, under blockade. He has driven every body of Southern men, banded together for mutual protection, out of the Territory. Major Buford of Alabama, Gen. Jones of South Carolina, and Col. Shelby of Missouri, all heading imigrating parties, who desire to become peaceable settlers, he has escorted out of the Territory. Not content with disbanding them, he has driven them off of soil to which they have a right, and on which they stand as sovereigns. Sumner has usurped the sovereignty of Kansas; it is he who is now supreme. Let us hear no more of 'squatter sovereignty'—it is Sumner sovereignty! What right has he to say that I shall not stay in Kansas? Perhaps he has a right, which no one has disputed yet, to disband, and mayhap to disarm bodies, but has he any rightful power to drive a man out of the Territory? Still we would not complain, if he treated the Abolitionists in the same way, but that he won't do. It is notorious that they are now under arms, pillaging and plundering; and Sumner says, 'I can't find them.' He does not try to find them—it looks like he does not want to find them."

A Free State man, named Hopkins, belonging to an independent guerilla gang, described as being responsible to nobody, and despised by all, was shot on the 17th ult., by a Mr. Haney, recently from Wisconsin, whose principles are considered questionable. Hopkins rushed into Haney's house while the latter was in bed, and with his party commenced firing about the room. Whereupon, Haney listed a horse-pistol from his pillow, and shot him dead. Hopkins's comrades fled instantly. In the morning, Mr. Haney, in company with a few dragoons, arrested Mr. Jonas Colburn, for nobody knows what, as he had no papers whatever, and made no charges against him, and refused to tell why he was arrested. Colburn was taken to the Franklin camp, but was released again. The incident added to the unpopularity felt for the dragoon government. It was complained that they had no right to arrest a citizen charged with no crime, and without a written process.

A letter from Kansas City, dated June 16th, says that Col. Sumner intends to arrest every person under indictment in Kansas, and declares that neither Lane nor any other person shall enter the Territory, except over his dead body.

An attempt was made, on the night of the 13th, to assassinate the new Deputy Sheriff of Douglas county. The Sheriff shot one of his assailants dead, when the others fled.

Advices at St. Louis from Kansas, dated the 19th, state that William Gay, agent of the Shawnee Wyandottes, had been murdered by the Indians. All manner of rumors are current. It is rumored that G. W. Brown, editor of the Herald of Freedom, has been killed. It is said that Col. Sumner has had a fight with a party of Missourians, in which he lost two men, but drove the Missourians out, killing several. It is stated that Col. Sumner refused to allow a party of forty southerners to proceed to Westport, to settle on claims at Hickory Point. It is reported that a party of eighty emigrants from Chicago had been deprived of their arms at Lexington.

A letter to the Democrat, dated Lawrence, the 12th, says Deputy Sheriff Layman, at the head of 30 dragoons, had arrested Mayor Hoyt and James Legate and marched them to Lecompton. Lay man had no papers, and on their arrival at Lecompton, Gov. Shannon refused to recognize the authority for the arrest, but Sheriff Jones, seeing the dilemma, immediately prepared the papers for the legal arrest of Hoyt and Legate, and they were imprisoned.

Gov. Shannon arrived at St. Louis on the 27th ult. He denies the report as to his resignation, and intends returning to Kansas in a week.

A meeting of citizens at Westport, on Sunday, denounced the murder of the Indian Agent Gay, and subscribed $700 as a reward for the apprehension of the murderers. They also called on the Governor of Missouri to offer a reward.

A Son of G. P. R. James, British Consul at Norfolk, Fighting with Indians.—Walter James, a son of G. P. R. James, the novelist, ordered some Indians away from the hunting grounds around Rice Lake, Waupacca county, lately. The Indians refused to leave. James, as we understand, visited them late on last Saturday night, and called one of them out with the apparent purpose of speaking with him. After some words, he cut open the Indian's head with a bowie knife; two others came out, not knowing what happened, whereupon Mr. James cut the arm of one of them, and laid open the side of the other. The Indians are on the trail of James, and will, in all probability, have their revenge.—*Beaver Dam, (Wisconsin,) Republican, June 19.*

Disinfecting Agents.—The best and most simple disinfecting agent known is the chloride of zinc. It is made by dissolving zinc in muriatic acid, and is applied in a diluted state to foul and offensive drains, cess-pools, &c. The sulphate of zinc, however, is nearly as good, is cheaper, and is more easily managed. It can be purchased at any druggist's, in the form of a salt. A pound of it dissolved in two pails of warm water, and thrown into an offensive cesspool, will soon deodorize it. During a hot weather, this disinfecting agent should be applied pretty freely.—*Scientific Amer.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

Rhode Island.—The General Assembly at Providence on the 26 h ult, elected Daniel Ames Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and Wm. R. Watson Auditor.

The Caucus, after an acrimonious debate, postponed the election of U. S. Senator till January, by the casting vote of the Chairman.

Republican Ratification.—The Republicans had an immense Ratification Meeting at the Tabernacle, in New York, on the evening of the 25th ult. Speeches were made by Judge Emmet, Hon. Wm. A. Howard, Hon. Lyman Trumbull, Judge Birdsall, Hon. Francis B. Kimball, and many others. After adjourning, the entire meeting formed in procession, and, headed by a band of music, marched to Col. Fremont's house, and called him out with enthusiastic cheers. His speech was received with great applause. An amusing scene followed his retirement. Judge Emmet was addressing the multitude, when a tremendous cry was made for Mrs. Fremont. The air rung with deafening shouts for "Our Jessie," "Our Jessie." The call continuing, Col. Fremont and Judge Emmet led her forward to the balcony. She was instantly greeted with a stunning thunder of hurrahs, and after bowing her acknowledgements; withdrew amidst the wildest enthusiasm. The cheering continued for some minutes after her departure, when finally the procession retired.

The Old Line Whigs had a large and enthusiastic meeting at Baltimore on the evening of the 25th ult. The proceedings of the Fillmore Convention were ratified without opposition.

The New York Democracy.—The two Democratic Committees met at Albany on the 24th ult., when the Softs made a proposition to the Hards for a fusion, which the latter rejected and proposed double conventions, meeting at the same time and place and continuing the present two organizations.

The Americans and Republicans.—Some of the leading Northern Americans still refuse to coalesce with the Republicans; but arrangements are on foot, it is said, which will harmonize difficulties.

Virginia Election.—The municipal election at Norfolk on the 24th ult, resulted in the Americans carrying their ticket by 100 majority. The Mayor elect is Findlay F. Ferguson.

Col. Benton.—Among the incidents of the week is the great speech made, on the 21st ult., by Col. Benton, at St. Louis. It passes lightly over Fremont, says little of Buchanan, and is principally devoted to an elaborate demolition of the Pierce Administration. This it accomplishes with a strange and terrible power. It is probable that the speech, apart from all party considerations, and viewed from a merely literary standpoint, will remain as an eminent example of scorching and scathing criticism. It is a tremendous specimen of plain speaking. Its judgments are of iron, and are branding. It has, moreover, all Col. Benton's blunt honesty, and strong, coarse, common sense. An intelligent contemporary thinks its effect will be to increase the chances of Fremont's election. However this may be, it was received with the most tremendous cheering by the St. Louis Democracy, in mass meeting assembled.

NEWS ITEMS.

Funny.—In one of the most conspicuous corners in Chicago is a large six story building, built by a clerk in that city with funds purloined from his employer. When detection became unavoidable, he left town, and sent back an agent to negotiate. The matter was finally arranged by the employer taking the building and paying the thief *ten thousand dollars*; and it was remarked, so great had been the rise in the value of the property, that the employer made his fortune by being robbed.

Characteristic.—Mr. Macaulay has republished, from the Edinburgh Review, his slashing article on Mr. Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson, repeating in a text of to-day accusations which were refuted long ago, and charges which, if ever true, are not true now, as Mr. Macaulay knows.

Generosity.—The employers of a carman make honorable mention in the Times of the kindly and generous behaviour of "a gentleman." The carman picked up a check on the Bank of England for £200; he took it to his employers, and they directed him to take it to the drawer. That person remarked that "he was sure his pocket had been picked of it;" however, he gave the carman a *shilling*.

Grasshoppers.—The grasshoppers or locusts which have scourged the north of Texas this spring have lately made their appearance in this vicinity. They confine their depredations, however, to the grass, and to leaves of the fruit trees. It may be well to know the method adopted in California to preserve fruit trees or shrubbery from them. The species common to that country, and which we presume is identical with this, will not attack any shrub that is wet or damp. To preserve a tree, then, all that is necessary is to sprinkle it with water, and cover it with a coarse cloth during the daytime.—*Gallia Express.*

Hon. Thomas H. Bayly died on Monday afternoon of last week, of consumption, at his residence in Accomac county, Va. The deceased was a prominent member of the Democratic party, and sustained a very high position in both political and social relations. He was formerly a representative in Congress.

Judge Kellogg, a venerable citizen of Michigan, arrived in Washington recently. It was his first visit to the Federal Capital, and when the cars stopped he was a little uncertain where he was; but as no noticed that all the passengers were leaving the cars, he followed suit. As he entered the main hall of the depot, he saw a man engaged in caning another ferociously, all over the room. "When I saw that," says the Judge, "*I knew I was in Washington* immediately."

POSTSCRIPT.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The steamship North America arrived at Quebec, from Liverpool, on June 30th, with dates to the 18th ult.

She brings the important intelligence that Mr. Dallas is not to be dismissed, and that the difficulties between the two Governments will probably be amicably settled.

Lord Clarendon stated, in reply to the Earl of Derby, in the House of Lords, that it was not the intention of the Government to advise the Queen to suspend diplomatic relations with the United States Government. The announcement was most heartily cheered

The Earl of Derby expressed his satisfaction, but at the same time regarded the course of the Government as humiliating, and virtually an acknowledgment of error.

Lord Clarendon appealed to the House not to join in the motion of the Earl of Derby, pressing the question. The motion was thus dropped.

The announcement had an immediate effect upon the funds.

London Money Market, June 17.—Consols for money are quoted at 94¾@94⅞.

Liverpool Cotton Market. June 16.—Sales to-day 12,000 bales, including 5,000 for speculation. Prices advanced ⅛.

June 17.—Prices receded from the previous advance and closed at Friday's rates, sales amounting to 8,000 bales.

Advices from Manchester are favorable.

Liverpool Corn Market. June 17.—Prices for flour are a trifle higher. Western Canal 33s; Philadelphia, 33s@37s. Wheat is a trifle higher; sales red wheat 10s 3d. Corn has advanced 1s.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

The Bill for the Admission of Kansas into the Union was lost in the House of Representatives, on June 30th, by a vote of 107 to 100. The result was received by the opponents of the bill with great enthusiasm.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing steady:

	Bid.	Asked.
Loans.		
U S 6 per ct	'58 1st	—
" "	'58 2d	—
" "	'59 1st	—
" "	'59 2d	—
" 5 "	'58 1st	—
Int off		
Phila 6 per ct	93½	94
" " new	96	97
" 5 "	79	83
Cam City 6 per ct	90	—
Penn 6 per ct	94	95
" " coupon	93	97
All'gy city 5 per ct	—	—
" " consols	69	72
Allegh'y RR 6 per ct	99	100
Penn 6 per ct '79	100	101
" " 5 "	83½	83½
" " coupon	93	94
Penn 6 per ct	94½	94½
" " 5 "	—	—
" " coupon	76	80
Kentucky 6 per ct	104	104½
Illinois 6 "	107½	—
St Louis 6 per ct	—	84
Texas Reg Notes	72	—
" Bonds	100	—
Penn RR 6 per ct	98	98½
Alleg'y RR 6 per ct	84	85
C & Am RR 6 per ct	76	81½
Hes Mor RR	100	—
P & A N RR	92½	93
Reading RR	84	85
" Mort	93	96
M & L Ran RR	93	94
P & N RR 7	75	79
Che Val RR	85	90
Penn RR	84½	86
Phil W & Bal		
N RR 6 per ct	81	82
Long I RR "	70½	71
Sch Nav '82 "	71½	74½
Lehigh Nav "	94	96
" Mort "	91	97
C & D C "	82	83
Nor & Tid "	60	65½
Railroad Stocks.		
Cam & Amboy	120	122
Penna	61½	64½
Hes Meadow	56	61½
North Penna	19	21½
Phil Ger & Nor	36½	38
Reading	46	46½
" preferred	—	84
Minehill	54½	55
Har & Lan	53½	54
Phil & San	27½	—
Chester Valley	3	5
Tioga	18	—
" preferred	20	—
P W & Balt	21½	22
Sun & Erie	—	—
Long Island	13	13½
Canal Stocks.		
Schuyl Nav	20	21½
" preferred	29½	30
Lehigh Nav	74	75½
Morris	144	146
" preferred	101½	102
C & Del	80	81
Union	22	23
Sus & Tidewater	14½	15
Bank Stocks.		
North Amer	163	167
Penna	114	115½
Philada	134	135
Far & Mec	66	68
Commercial	53½	55
Girard	80	81
Mechanics	39	39½
Southwark	81	—
P Township	40	42½
Kensington	69	70
Girard	113	114
Western	70	72
Mar & Mechs	80	80
Commerce	68	70
Tradesman's	68	—
City	81½	82½
Consolidation	25	26
United States	—	51
Pittsburg	58	—
M & M Pitts	65	67
Ex'ge Pitts	58	—
Kentucky	112½	113½
Northern, Ky	111	111½
Louisville, Ky	115	116
Farmers, Ky	108	111½
Union, N'sh, Tenn	98	99
Plant's, Tenn	98	99
Com & R Visks	5	8½
N Orl'ns La	112½	—

The Hon. Lot Morrill, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee in Maine, repudiates the nomination of Mr. Buchanan.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 77 Dock Street.

Meats.			
Beef—Roast, Prime		Perch ₰ bunch	12½ a 25
Cuts ₰ lb	10 a 20	Flounders ₰ lb	5 a 8
Sirloin Steaks ₰ lb	15 a 18½	Eels ₰ bunch	10 a 12½
Rumps do ₰ lb	14 a 16	Soft Mackerel each	12½ a 15
Corned Beef, Rump, ₰ lb	10 a 15	Hard-fish ₰ lb	4 a 10
Smoked do do ₰ lb	12 a 15	Terrapins ₰ doz	$5,00@6,00
Beef Tongues each	50 a 75	Green Turtle ₰ lb	12½ a 15
Mutton ₰ lb	10 a 15	Soup-stock ₰ lb	5 a 6
Lamb ₰ quarter	$1,25@1,50	Red fish ₰ lb	10 a 12
Do ₰ lb	12½ a 15	Spanish Oysters ₰ thousand	$1,00@6,00
Veal ₰ qr ₰ lb	10 a 11	Clams ₰ thous	$12,00@3,00
Do Cutlets ₰ lb	12½ a 14	Lobsters ₰ lb	8 a 10
Pork—Fresh ₰ lb	9 a 10	Crabs, Hard, ₰ doz	25 a 38
" Salt ₰ lb	9 a 10	Soft Crabs	1,25@1,37
Hams ₰ lb	10 a 15	**Vegetables.**	
Young Pigs each (scarce)	$1,25@2,00	Green Peas ₰ basket	$1@50
Sausage ₰ lb	12½	Green Corn ₰ doz	7½
Lard ₰ lb	10 a 12½	Potatoes, white ₰ bus	50 a 75
Tripe ₰ lb	5	Sweet ₰ bus	$1,00@1,50
Poultry and Game.		Turnips ₰ basket	31 a 37
Spring Chickens ₰ pair	31@$1,00	Celery ₰ bunch (scarce)	15 a 25
Chickens ₰ pair old	$1,00@1,50	Parsnips ₰ basket	31 a 37
Ducks, Tame, (scarce)	$1,25@1,50	Salad, very fine, each	3 a 6
Wild Pigeons ₰ pair	25 a 37	Young onions ₰ bunch	1
Turkeys (scarce)	$1,25@1,50	Spinach ₰ quart	6 a 10
English Snipe ₰ pair (Scarce)	50 a 62	Lima Beans ₰ qt	12½ a 15
Miscellaneous.		Carrots ₰ bunch	3 a 6
Grass Butter, prime, ₰ lb	25 a 30	Beets ₰ bunch	10 a 12½
Do do ₰ lb	15 a 20	Oyster Plants ₰ bunch	10 a 12½
Roll do ₰ lb	13 a 18	Cabbage ₰ head	3 a 6
Eggs ₰ doz	17 a 18	Tomatoes ₰ bushel	$3,00@4
Sausages ₰ cake	3 a 5	Fruit—Apples, prime ₰ bbl	$3,00@4,50
Fish.		Cranberries do do	$14,00@18,00
Catfish ₰ bunch	6 a 12½	Strawberries, ₰ quart	12½ a 25
Fresh Salmon (scarce)	37½ 50	Rhubarb ₰ bunch	3 a 10
Haddock ₰ lb	3 a 6	Gooseberries ₰ qt	3 a 10
Fresh Codfish ₰ lb	4 a 6	Sour Currants	3 a 12½
		Cherries	8 a 12
		Green Apples ₰ bus	75@1,00
		Raspberry, box	25 a 31
		Blackberry, quart	12½

Meats command full prices. Poultry is rather more plenty, without change in qualities. Fish bring about previous rates; the supply is good. Fruit and Vegetables come in slowly, and the supply at market is large. Butter is not so plenty, and prime is rather higher.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post, }
June 30th, 1856. }

Business in all departments of trade is assuming the usual dullness of the summer months, and the transactions of the past week have generally been of a limited character. In Dry Goods some of the commission houses have been selling a few goods, mostly plain Cottons and Prints to the Southern and Western jobbers, but otherwise there has been very little movement in the market, prices of all the leading articles rule steady and firm, the tendency, if anything, being upward for all descriptions of Cotton and Woollen Fabrics. Hardware and Cutlery remain quiet with well assorted stocks in the hands of dealers, and prices owing to the high rates now current for Iron are firmly maintained. Breadstuffs in better demand, and Flour, Wheat and Corn are bringing higher prices. Rye is very dull. The Cotton market is firmer, but the demand is limited to the present wants of manufacturers, who buy sparingly. Coal is moving rather more freely, without change in quotations. The Iron trade continues at a stand. In Groceries, there has been rather more doing, but holders are very firm in their demands. The Provision market is buoyant and the prices of salted Meats, Lard and Hams show a further advance. Hemp and Hides are held more firmly but there is little or no stock of either in first hands. Naval Stores are very quiet. Rice is better, with more activity in the demand. Seeds, nothing doing. Whiskey is steady, and selling at a considerable advance on prices and Wool, with moderate receipts and sales, is bringing about previous quotations. In other articles there are no changes of any moment since the close of last week.

Ashes. The market is firmer, with light receipts and sales of both Pots and Pearls at full rates.

Bark. The demand for Quercitron has fallen off, and only some 30 hhds have found buyers at $28 for first No 1, the market closing very dull. Taunton Bark is selling moderately at $ to 41 for Spanish and $ at ½ for Chestnut Oak.

Beeswax is held above the view of buyers and very quiet; a sale of 30 lbs was made at 26c ₰ lb.

Coal. Prices remain about stationary, with more activity in the demand within the last few days; the scarcity of vessels and high rates of freight now current, however, operate unfavorably on the trade. Allegheny Coal comes in slowly, the last sales were at $ ₰ bush.

The Anthracite Coal trade are large this week, the Reading R Company having brought down the unprecedented amount of 53,270 tons. On the canals there is a falling off from last week's receipts, the decline on the Schuylkill Canal having been caused by a leak which interrupted the passage of the boats. The following is the aggregate tonnage on the three works during the week and for the season:

	This Week.	Season.
Lehigh Canal	42,451	339,2 9
Schuylkill Canal	3?,4 6	40?,?48
Reading Railroad	54,770	1,004,44
Total	131,900	1,744,691
Last week	149,140	1,612,?99

Candles—There is more activity in the demand, and full prices obtained. Adamantine have changed hands at 12½c, according to brand. The bulk of the sales were of Dewees Thaten's make, of this city, which are much in favor. Sperm are scarce, with small sales from store at 43c@44c. Tallow Candles remain dull.

Copper is steady at 32c, 6 mos, for Sheathing. Yellow Metal sells freely at 26c for Sheets, and 28c for Bolts, on time.

Cotton—The unfavorable tone of the foreign news limited the operations in this staple, but with the high rates now current at the South, prices are gradually advancing, and the market, although quiet, has been very firm this week, sales reaching some 1?0 bales, chiefly Uplands, within the range of 10½@12c ₰ lb, cash and time.

Drugs and Dyes—Prices generally continue limited, the week, however, sales of two cargoes of St. Domingo Logwood, one at 22½, 6 mos, and one on terms not made public, 200 tons Fustic, and 100 tons Soda Ash, also on private terms.

Feathers come in slowly, and further small sales are reported at the for inferior, and 50c for prime Western.

Fruit. There is very limited business doing, and sales of 2,?00 boxes Sicily Oranges and Lemons, from the vessel, at from $1,?5 to 6 ₰ box, according to condition. Some further sales of Pine Apples have also been made at 50@?5 the case.

Flour and Meal.—The receipts and stock of Flour continue light, and with the more favorable tenor of the last foreign news, prices close fully 25 cents ₰ barrel better. The week's transactions for export foot up about 10,600 bbls, including standard and good straight brands at $?,12½, and since at $6 @$6,?5, including several lots fair mixed and selected brands, on prior to arrival; 1,?00 bbls Rye Flour are on private terms, and closed nominal at $5,?5 @ $6 ₰ bbl. Corn Meal is selling at $?,?5 for common Western, and $?,?5 for better brands; 150 bbls extra family at $?,25; 5? bbls fancy family Flour at $?,25, and ?,?00 bbls damaged extra, mostly sour, sold by auction at $4,?5 @4,80, the closing sales were at $?,25 ₰ bbl for standard superfine, at which sale holders are generally refuse, with a reduced stock to operate on. For home trade the demand has also been more active within the above range of prices for common retailing to extra and fancy family brands. Rye Flour continues dull and rather lower, with sales of 2?0 barrels in lots at $?,?5 ₰ bbl. Corn Meal is more inquired for, and about 1,?00 bbls sold at $?,?5 for Brandywine, and $?,?5@?,?? for Penna Meal, mostly of the former description; the latter is now coming forward in considerably bold higher. The inspections for the week are 11,?06 bbls Flour, 2,?11 bbls Corn Meal, 6 puncheons do, and 322 bbls Rye Flour.

Grain—The receipts of Wheat continue light, and prices for prime are quite well sustained at fully former advance on last week's rates; transactions reaching about 20,000 bushels at 120@125c for inferior to prime Reds and 125@130c for White, including some choice lots of the latter at a higher figure, and inferior at 110@115c. Rye continues in request and scarce at a slight advance, with sales of about 12,?00 bushels Pennsylvania, in store, at 70@?2c, and ?0c afloat, including some lots on terms not public. Corn—The receipts have fallen off, and prime lots are wanted at improved prices; some 30,000 bushels have been taken at 58@59c and 60c for good Southern Yellow, closing at the latter rate—including dam good lots at 55@56c and fair Pennsylvania at 56@57c. Oats are more plenty and rather lower—sales of 50,000 bushels in lots at 32 @35c, the latter for Pennsylvania in store, mostly at 33@34c for prime Southern afloat.

Fish—The market is unsettled and dull, with sales of 600 bbls Mackerel in lots at $18@?0 for large Nos, $?@?5 for medium Nos, and $6@7 for Nos, from store, the demand is limited at about previous quoted rates. Nothing doing in Herring or Codfish.

Guano—There is no change in the price of either Peruvian or Colombian, and a fair business is said for the season.

Ginseng—Cruce continues in steady demand, but there is very little offering or selling.

Hemp—The market is firmer, but the want of stock limits operations, and we have no transactions to notice.

Hides—There is more activity from the trade, but the want of stock limits operations, and the market remains quiet as to previous quotations. A cargo of Laguayra has just arrived.

Hops—A small business only is note at 7½c ₰ lb for last year Eastern and Western, but the market closed with more firmness.

Iron—The market continues dull. There is some little inquiry for low grades Anthracite Pig Metal, but at a price below the view of holders, and the week's transactions have mostly been confined to small lots from store, in all not over 500 tons, within the range of quotations. In Scotch Pig there is very little doing, and the recent imports have gone into store. Bars and Boiler Plates sell slowly at about former prices.

Lead—The market is dull, with little or no stock in first hands.

Leather—An active demand and a firm market are still the leading features of the trade; prices are tending upward.

Lumber—The receipts and sales are moderate at $?@?,? for Hemlock, and $?,?5@?,?5 for Boards. Yellow Pine Boards Laths are dull, but about 500,000 Eastern have been sold at $?,?5@?,??. Shingles are taken at steady rates. Hinch Cypress remain dull.

Provisions—Barrelled meats are scarce, and Pork has been sold at a further advance. Sales and re-sales to the extent of 1,?00 bbls are reported at $?? ?@?, and close at $?,?5@?,?5 for Mess—new held higher. Beef is steady, with further sales at $?@?,?? for city packed Mess. Bacon is more active, and hams and second rates; 1,000 lbs have been disposed of in lots, part to go South, at 11½@12c for Hams, as to quality; 11@11½c for sides and 9c for Shoulders. Green Meats are in request, with light receipts, and sales in all some 80 casks, at 7 and 8c for Hams in pickle, 10@10½c for Sides, and 6½c for Shoulders—all cash and time. Lard is also better, and sales of bbls and tierces at 11@11½c, now held higher, and kegs at 12.a 12½c. Butter is in steady demand, with moderate receipts, and sales of new Western

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The Arctic arrived at New York on the 14th, with dates to the 14th.

The steamer Fulton, which took out Mr. Crampton, arrived at Southampton, with him on board, the day the Arctic sailed from Liverpool.

There is still much excitement with regard to American affairs.

The commercial and manufacturing classes are filled with anxiety at the terrible consequences of a war with the United States, and are moving actively to avert that calamity. The cities of Liverpool and Manchester have issued peace addresses to the citizens of America, and the feeling of the people is active in favor of peace. The Manchester address received 8,000 signatures in a few hours.

Lords Palmerston and Clarendon stated in Parliament on Friday, that the dismissal of the American Minister had not been decided on.

Lord John Russell gave notice of a motion of inquiry into the intentions of Government, inasmuch as the feeling of the people was in favor of peace.

In the meantime several ships-of-war have been telegraphed to prepare with all possible despatch for foreign service, and their destination is supposed to be the American coast.

All the commanders of gun-boats at Portsmouth have also been called to the Port Admiral's, as it was rumored, to receive instructions for active service.

These are, however, only rumors. For although the Anglo-American question still occupies a large share of public attention, commercial men seem to have not much fear of any real disturbance of relations between England and the United States. Mr. Dallas, it is understood, will not be dismissed, even should Mr. Crampton be so. Such, at least, is the rumor which prevails in Liverpool and Manchester, although it is not confirmed by the conversation which took place in Parliament on the evening preceding the steamer's departure, when Lords Clarendon and Palmerston gave the country to understand that the Government had not come to a decision whether Mr. Dallas shall be dismissed or not.

Meantime the Government presses continue to stir up excitement, especially the London Morning Post and London Times, both of which demand the dismissal of Mr. Dallas, and the application of force to the United States. On the other hand the obstinacy of the Government is awakening the attention of the country to the terrible consequences which a war with America would produce, and, as Manchester is moving in the matter, and the conservative party seem particularly interested, it is hoped the result will not be war, but the overthrow of the Palmerston administration, for it cannot be overlooked that—(while the organs of the British Government continue to reiterate that the excitement is kept up by President Pierce and his Cabinet for private ends)—the excitement in England is mainly attributable to the necessity that exists for the Palmerston party to have some rallying cry to keep themselves in power.

The anxiety which is felt may be best ascertained from the tone of the inquiries in Parliament, made on Friday evening, the 13th. The position of affairs is there spoken of as critical, and Lord John Russell has given notice of a special motion of inquiry on the subject for Monday, the 16th.

In the House of Lords, on Friday, Lord Clarendon said that the day before yesterday Mr. Dallas called upon him and read a despatch from Mr. Marcy, on the part of the United States Government in which it was stated that the explanations of the British Government on the recruiting question were perfectly satisfactory. The American Government was quite satisfied that the British Government had given no instructions, and that they had no intention of doing so, to violate the laws of the United States, but that so far as related to the proceedings of Mr Crampton, and the proceedings of the Consuls, the explanations which had been offered were not sufficiently satisfactory. The American Government had therefore resolved upon sending Mr. Crampton his passports, and also upon withdrawing the exequaturs of the Consuls.

Her Majesty's Government had not yet an opportunity of arriving at a conclusion as to what course they should adopt, but as soon as they had, it should be communicated to Parliament, and the despatches, a copy of which Mr. Dallas had left with him, should be laid on the table. He thought it his duty also to state that Mr. Dallas had read to him another despatch, in which the question of Central America was treated. On that subject, the American Government considered that there were some parts of the question which might, with advantage, be made the subject of arbitration; but, upon the whole, they thought that the entire question should be settled by direct negotiations between the two Governments.

Lord Palmerston had made substantially the same statement in the House of Commons.

Mr. Baillie said that, as he had given notice of a motion on the enlistment question, he wished to know whether the noble Lord would lay on the table the despatch sent by Mr. Marcy. Unless that was done, he should deem it his duty to bring on the question on Monday.

Lord Palmerston said the Government desired to give all the correspondence that could fairly be procured, and the honorable gentleman might take his choice whether to bring on the question on Monday or Friday.

Mr. Gibson said he understood the noble Lord that Mr. Dallas had made a communication to Lord Clarendon with regard to the Central American question as well as that relating to the recruiting question. He now wished to know whether, in that communication, an answer was given to the proposal to submit the Central American question to arbitration.

Lord Palmerston said it would require time to enter into a long detail to give the explanations upon that point. But he might say that the general tenor of the communication was, that the United States Government were of opinion that the question would be better settled by direct negotiation between the two Governments.

Mr. Gibson inquired whether, in case direct negotiations failed, the American Government refused arbitration.

Lord Palmerston replied that there was no refusal of arbitration.

Mr. D'Israeli expressed the hope that the noble Lord would place the despatch upon the table before the debate on Mr. Baillie's motion took place.

Lord Palmerston replied that that would depend upon the manner in which the Government might reply to it.

The subject was then dropped.

We subjoin some extracts from the English papers, showing the tone of the press in that community.

The Morning Post, a semi-official organ, says:

"We have reason to believe that any doubt which remained upon the public mind as to the statement which we made ten days ago, of the approaching expulsion of Mr. Crampton from the territory of the United States, is now definitely removed. The United States Minister in London, has, we understand, communicated to her Majesty's Government the determination of the Cabinet at Washington to hold no further diplomatic intercourse with Mr. Crampton, and to withdraw the exequatur from the three Consuls who are alleged to have infringed the laws of the Union. This declaration, we believe, we may state, is accompanied by offers ostensibly conciliatory, inasmuch as Mr. Dallas has received authority, if we remain him here, to treat with full powers concerning the questions at issue in Central America, and in case of non-agreement with Lord Clarendon, to refer the matters to an arbitrator to be jointly agreed upon.

"The American Government has thus, in the rash enforcement of its policy, taken the dangerous step of insulting England, accompanying the outrage by an offer which is intended to bribe us into quiet acquiescence. This is the real purport of this act, so conciliatory in appearance, but in appearance only. Substantially it is of no value, because the American Government must be well aware that it is impossible for the Cabinet of this country to discuss any matters with Mr. Dallas whilst Mr. Crampton is forcibly suspended from his functions in the United States.

"We maintain that neither this country nor Mr. Crampton, in his capacity of representative of this country, has done anything to justify this extreme measure; and we cannot, consistently, with what is due to either, to the country or to Mr. Crampton, consent to accept a specific and direct insult for the sake of a pretended equivalent in the shape of the concession of an arbitration of the Central American question, which is a matter standing entirely on its merits, and totally unconnected with Mr. Crampton, or with any of the acts imputed to him. Under these circumstances, there is but one course which the country can expect from Her Majesty's Government. The dismissal of Mr. Crampton must be followed by the dismissal of Mr. Dallas."

The London Times of the 7th ult., says:

"President Pierce has dismissed our representative with the utmost possible civility and in the entire confidence that we shall not be offended. We can, if we please, do the same. We can let Mr Dallas return to the United States, with the assurance that we have no ill-will to them, and only regret that they have put a wrong construction on our conduct. *Mutatis mutandis*, there is not a word in the communication reported from Washington, that may not be returned in the most cordial spirit. Of course, we would very much rather that the controversy advanced step by step nearer to a solution. But it is the American Government that tells us the our minister and consuls have become disagreeable to them through their connection with a disagreeable affair. Mr. Dallas is personally an agreeable man, but he has been made the channel of the intelligence that Mr. Crampton and the consuls have been dismissed. This, of course, must make his presence painful to this country. Such might be the logical [illegible] American side. That matter has been [illegible] with much art, and the reply should be made with not less. These are the two couriers open to our Government, and we presume it to be anxiously engaged in the choice between them."

Another extract from the Times:

"The English Government must fairly decide themselves upon the guilt or innocence of their accredited servant. In making such a decision, they are liable to be misled by two sets of considerations. The pride of consistency, the natural wish to maintain a position once taken up, and the praiseworthy desire to protect an agent whom they have trusted, all point one way; while the love of peace, and the anxiety to avail themselves of the proffered settlement of the Central American question, tend with equal force, in the contrary direction. All the advice we can offer, is to weigh the matter fairly and dispassionately, without fear or favor; to decide justly and act resolutely.

"If Mr. Crampton be entirely innocent—if the charges preferred against him by the American Government be untrue—if, in the judgment of his official superiors, he still be worthy of their confidence, no consideration whatever should induce them to submit to the insult offered to them in his person, and retain at the Court of Her Majesty the representative of a country which has so far forgotten what is due to the dignity of her representative. If, on the other hand, the American Government shall succeed in proving, either that Mr. Crampton has misrepresented the weight of the evidence against him, or has been guilty of the prevarication charged upon him by Mr. Clayton and Mr. Crittenden, we trust that no false pride, no unwillingness to admit the possibility of his having been in the wrong, will prevent us from acquiescing in the expulsion, which he will then have most richly deserved, though it may have been inflicted for very different purposes than the vindication of the national honor. We are strong, and it is the privilege of strength that it need stoop to no injustice and no meanness—that it need fear no misconstruction from yielding to reasonable complaints; and shun no consequences from resisting unreasonable aggression."

The London Morning Star of the 14th ult., declares:

"The proof of Mr. Crampton's complicity in acts involving a breach of the American law does not depend upon the uncorroborated testimony of the scamps whom he employed. *It depends upon documents in his own handwriting produced in a court of justice, the genuineness of which he and Lord Clarendon have in vain been challenged to deny.*

"It is most unfortunate that the people of this country always receive the facts on which they have to form their judgments upon questions of the most vital moment to them and their children, colored and distorted by those who have an interest in deceiving them. We defy any honest man to read the evidence adduced by the American Government to prove conduct on the part of Mr. Crampton most unworthy of his high position, and most derogatory to the dignity and good faith of the nation, without being compelled to say, 'Guilty, upon my honor.'"

A public meeting had been held at the Mansion House, London, in aid of the sufferers by the inundation in France. The Lord Mayor said he had been informed that France had 1,250 English miles under water, and that 40,000 people were entirely stricken down.

Mr. Heguelin, the Governor of the Bank of England, stated that the estimates of the damage differed from 600 to 1,200 miles, and it was difficult to form a proper idea of the amount of the loss. He was informed that 40,000 habitations had been destroyed, and crops which were approaching maturity had been totally cut down.

The Lord Mayor announced that he had already received between four and five thousand pounds.

Palmer, the poisoner, was executed on the 14th. On the scaffold he declined to say anything, but when subsequently pressed to tell the truth, and not to face his Maker with a falsehood or a concealment of the truth, replied, slowly and solemnly, "I say distinctly that Cook was not poisoned with strychnine."

The High-Sheriff and Chaplain begged that he would not for the sake of his immortal soul quibble on the verge of eternity. He refused to answer. At the foot of the scaffold he was again urged to tell the truth, but made no reply. Under all the circumstances, the Chaplain had refused to administer the sacrament, and the culprit was not particularly solicitous that he should.

A Paris letter asserts that Dillon, lately appointed French Consul at Port-au-Prince, has instructions to intimate that France will not permit the Emperor Soulouque to invade Dominica.

At Constantinople on the 2nd ult, a report was spread that the Russians had destroyed the fortress Ismael and the defences of the city of Kars.

The French Civil officers will be charged with the organization of the Customs duties in the Turkish Empire.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—The cotton market has declined ½, fair quantities being more effected than other grades. The market opened heavy, but improved at the close, except for fair qualities.

The sales for the week have been 43,000 bales, including 8,000 bales on speculation, and 500 for export. The quotations are—

New Orleans fair	8¾@8⅞
" " middling	8 5-16
Mobile fair	8⅝
" middling	8 1-16
Uplands fair	8⅝
" middlings	8 1-16.

The sales on Friday were 10,000 bales, including 3,000 to speculators and exporters, the market closing firm.

The Manchester markets are firm.

Breadstuffs.—Messrs. Richardson's circular reports that since the sailing of the Atlantic, breadstuffs have been firm in price, but transactions moderate.

Wheat is unchanged, transactions being moderate.

There has been a moderate business in flour at last quotations. Western Canal 30s.@33s. 6d.; good Ohio, 33s. 6d.@ 37s. 6d.

Corn is firm, at an advance of 6d. sale. Sales of white at 30s. @31s. 6d. Yellow and mixed, 29s. 6d.

Provisions.—The market has not undergone any change.

Beef is dull and unchanged.

Pork is also dull, and Bacon unchanged, but buyers are holding back for lower prices.

Lard is unchanged in every respect. The supply on the spot is scarce. Sales to arrive have been made at 51s 6d @54s. Sales of present stock have been made as high as 60s. sale.

Naval Stores.—Spirits of Turpentine, 32s. 3d.

Common Rosin unchanged. Business active at 4s 6d.

Rice is higher. Sales at 23s. 6d.

Iron firmer.

Sugar has advanced 6d. Coffee firm.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, June 13th.—The money market is easier. The bullion in the Bank of England has increased. Consols for account 95¼@95⅝.

LIVERPOOL, Saturday noon, June 14.—Cotton is rather but not quotably higher. The sales to-day have been 12,000 bales, including 2,000 on speculation. Breadstuffs are firm. Provisions unchanged. Consols, for money, are quoted at 95@95⅛.

HAVRE COTTON MARKET, June 11.—The market is easier, but not quotably lower. The sales yesterday, were 200 bales, and to-day 500, closing full.

THE NEAPOLITAN STATE PRISONERS.—The Naples correspondent of the Times writes:—"I must again call your attention to the condition of the prisoners in Monte Sarchio. Of Baron Poerio I have spoken fully, but not of others, who are laboring under different forms of disease, as Schiavone, who has lost the use of one eye and nearly that of the other; Osino, who has been in the place set aside as the hospital for five months; Pironti, laboring under paralysis, unable to move, and in chains; and, not to mention more, a young man of thirty-four years, called Alfonso Zenli, who is dying of consumption from the dampness of his prison, reduced to a skeleton, scarcely able to breathe or to speak; he has had the last sacrament administered to him, and yet he is in chains! Closer than a brother his fetters cling to his withered limbs, and no civilized age or country will ever, perhaps, have witnessed such a proof of the tenacity of cruelty and vindictiveness. I tell you a fact that cannot be disputed, and though a thousand other facts equally deplorable are continually occurring to the ruin of this country, statesmen will wonder at and regret the 'extreme opinions' of the Italians, talk grandiloquently about the 'sacred principle of non-intervention,' and advocate the right of a sovereign to sell his assistance to goad and pen up his cattle. Oh Lord, how long!' well may every Italian exclaim. An amnesty would be a boon to these persons, doubtlessly; but unless the system be changed there is no guarantee that the same deeds will not be perpetrated again and again."

ARTIFICIAL REARED FISH.—The Strasburg Railway has just brought to Paris for the Exhibition in the Champs Elysees, about 3,000 fish from the Artificial Piscicultural Establishment formed at Huningen by the French Government. They consist of salmon from the Danube, trout from the lakes of Switzerland, and grayling from the lake of Constance. These last named have only been hatched this spring, the salmon and trout are only 14 months old, and are 4½ to 6½ inches long. There are two salmon trout three years old, one of which is nearly 19 inches long by 13 inches circumference. These fish are conveyed in cylindrical reservoirs made of tin, the water being renewed frequently.

TWO ANTI-SLAVERY NEWSPAPERS are published in the Southern States. One of these is a daily paper, published at Newport, Kentucky. It is well supported, and has maintained its views against all opposition. The other is the Wellsburg Herald, printed in Virginia, the editor of which avows himself to be in favor of gradual emancipation, "solely out of regard for the prosperity of the white inhabitants of the State."

A CAPITAL IDEA.—The locomotives in Germany are hereafter to be covered with a casing of glass, which will permit the engineers to survey the whole country, and at the same time protect them from the wind and cold.

THE SUMNER ASSAULT.—The Grand Jury at Washington, on June 12th, presented an indictment against Preston S. Brooks, for assault and battery on Mr. Sumner. The latter appeared before the Jury and gave testimony.

DUNDAS'S CATARRH SNUFF has acquired a most unprecedented reputation. Try it, all ye who suffer from that loathsome disease, Catarrh.

THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.—Mr. Walter Worthy had been treated ably by the parents of a young lady of this city (whom he loved), for the gladness of his attire.

One Sunday—'twas a Sunday eve—
In rich attire he came;
His step was like the Arab steed's,
His eyes with love-fires beam'd;
Her father scarce believed his sight.

The secret was explained when Walter explained that he obtained the suit he wore at the brown stone clothing hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

That the poet, with prophetic augury, had special reference to the light, airy and graceful garments manufactured by Granville Stokes, No. 609 Chestnut street, no one doubts, and that the universal answer is, no! is equally certain. The wonder how such things can be, is only equalled by the satisfaction experienced by those who have the good fortune to procure their clothing as above.

FITS! FITS!! FITS!!!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Dr HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits. These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although these Pills were prepared especially for the purpose of curing Fits, they will be found of especial benefit to all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or obstructed from any cause whatever. Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $24.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION may easily be acquired by the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers.*" It will remove tan, *pimples* and *freckles* from the skin, leaving it of a soft and rosealie hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops, and wash the face night and morning.

FETRIDGE & Co., Proprietors, New York.

For sale at T. B. PETERSON'S, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists. feb2-ewtf

TAR WATER, as combined with other simples, by Doctor Wistar in his celebrated Balsam of Wild Cherry, has a peculiar power over all diseases of the lungs. Many physicians have used it in their practice and generally with marked success.

CONSUMPTIVES READ THE FOLLOWING:

I have found your EXPECTORANT a valuable article in a very troublesome, persistent cough that I have had for many years, which depended on a disposition of the Bronchia to take a morbid action pending changes in the weather. It has been relieved by less than a single bottle. I opened the bottle for the benefit of an infant child, whose lungs were laboring under an engorgement of mucus—after premising an emetic at first, I have found the Expectorant sufficient ever since—a portion of the bottle cured my cough. I am now giving it to a relative who has a predisposition to ASTHMA, whose health is improving under its use. The improved weather no doubt a favorable influence—but I shall persevere in its use.

Signed D. LAUDERDALE,
Wilmsboro, Fairfield Dist., So Ca.

JAYNE'S LIQUID HAIR DYE will instantaneously change the Hair from ANY OTHER COLOR to a BEAUTIFUL BLACK without injury to the skin.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, 84 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the country. my17-4t

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription needed. Direct the Rev. JOHN M DAGNALL, No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. Je7-tf

SHAVING MADE EASY.—Wet your shaving-brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," rub the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only Fifty Cents.

FETRIDGE & Co., Proprietors, New York.

For sale at T. B. PETERSON'S, 102 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists. feb2-ewtf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the third of June, by the Rev. Wesly Wright, Mr. CALVIN S. STERRETT, of Plain Dealing, Ky. to Mrs. MINERVA A. WOOLDRIDGE, of Bloomington, Ky. Philada. Daily Sun and Ledger please copy.

On the 26th ultimo, at Shannondale Farm, Philadelphia, by Friends' Ceremony, RICHARD H. JENKS, of Newtown, Bucks county, to SARAH LEEDOM, daughter of the late Benjamin Leedom.

On Tuesday, the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., JAMES S. BARKER, Esq. of this city, to Miss AMANDA R. B. IARDER, daughter of Rev. G. F. J. Iaeger, of New Berlinburg, Pa.

On the 17th ultimo, by Constantine J. Deininger, of York, Pa., Mr JACOB LUX, of North Codorus Township, to Miss SARAH, daughter of John Law, of Jackson Township, York county, Pa. Baltimore papers please copy.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. William Cooper, Mr. JAMES BUCHANAN, to Miss MARIA NORRIS, all of Philadelphia.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. John C. Clay, Mr. JOHN B. HOOVER, to Miss KATE A. ALEXANDER, both of this city.

On the 29th of Dec. 1855, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. JAMES G. BOWEN, of Philadelphia, to Miss ANNIE MASON, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. K. Reinack, Mr. JEROME B. JANDELLA, to ELIZABETH C. REINECK, daughter of the late Lewis Reineck, Jr., both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. John C. Clay, Mr. WALTER P. GIBSON, to Miss ELLEN H. RICHARDSON, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas C. Trotter, Mr. CHARLES GERAGHTY, to Miss ANN BROADHEAD.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Augustine Webster, D. D. HENRY PRIMROSE, to MARY A daughter of Alex. Gadsden, Esq all of Baltimore, Md.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Reily, Mr. P. J. DESMOND to Miss ALICE WELSH, both of this city.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. GOODWIN MATTSON, to Miss SARAH ANN MASSEY, both of this city.

In this city on the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. C. Brown, Mr. ISAAC N. PYLE, of Wrightsville, York county, Pa. to Miss HANNAH BAKER, of Chester county, Pa.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM MAILEY, to Miss MARY A MONTGOMERY, both of this city.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM H. PANCOAST, to Miss SARAH MITCHESON, all of Philadelphia.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. GEORGE RIVES, to Miss MARY SMITH, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the same, Mr. GEORGE F. FOWLER, to Miss ANN E. HODGES, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. D. Magill, Mr. DAVID CUNNINGHAM, to Miss JANE MOODY, both of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM GORMAN, to Miss ELIZABETH MCELKAN.

On the 19th ultimo, by the same, Mr. JOSEPH MACCUBBIN, to Miss ELLEN BENTON.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. William H. Furness, Mr. SAMUEL A. SMITH, of Virginia, to Miss CATHARINE DULEUW, of Philadelphia.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Saml. F. Templeton, Mr. LEWIS C. NICHOLSON, formerly of Washington, D. C. to Miss JANE BURNELL, of Richmond, Va. daughter of Archer and Lucinda Burnell.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th ultimo, FRANCIS TORAN, aged 47 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. MAGDALENA FRANK, aged 81 years.

At Germantown, on the 25th ultimo, WILLIAM G. son of W. G. Spencer, aged 12 years.

On the 25th ultimo, JOHN WATSON, son of John C and Harriet J. Hanson, aged 3 years.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. JANE SHARP, aged 43 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mr. JAMES DUGHERTY, aged 41 years.

On the 25th ultimo, PATRICK MAHER, aged 65 years.

On the 7th ultimo, ANNA, daughter of Peter and Mary A. McGeard, aged 23 months.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. JANE TOPPIN, aged 48 years.

On the 24th ultimo, THOMAS, son of Robert and Rosannah McCabe, aged 2 years.

On the 25th ultimo, EDWARD, son of Edward and Elizabeth Cox.

On the 21st ultimo, CHARLES W. HERRON, aged 35 years.

On the 7th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET DOUGHERTY, aged 87.

On the 27th ultimo, HARRIET LEMON, aged 62 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. HANNAH STEPHEN, aged 77 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET GABLE, aged 68 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM HENNESY, aged 56 years.

On the 23d ultimo, CATHARINE, wife of Herbert Reynolds.

On the 24th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM HENDRIX, aged 53 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mr. JOHN WALL, aged 33 years.

On the 23d ultimo, ZILLAH, wife of Joseph Henderson, aged 53 years.

On the 23d ultimo, in Radnor, Delaware county, Pa. SARAH, daughter of the late Israel Pleasants.

On the 9th ultimo, at Chestnut Hill, ELLEN MATTHEWS, daughter of Rev. and Sarah A. Bowen, aged 4 years.

On the 25th ultimo, at Staten Island, N. Y., Mr CHARLES WHITELEG, late of this city aged 38 years.

On the 20th ultimo, JANE, wife of William Sharp, aged 43 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH ANN, wife of John Fust, aged 31 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Dr. FREDERICK ECHARD, aged 49.

On the 21st ultimo, Mr PETER HAS, aged 81 years.

At Fairview, Montgomery county, Pa. on the 13th ult. Mr ANDREW HEYER, aged 69 years.

On the 25th ultimo, JULIA GRAHAM, daughter of Jane D. Tracy, aged 4 years.

On the 21st ult SARAH P. wife of Henry J. Weaver, aged 43 years.

On the 3rd ultimo, ANNA ELIZABETH, daughter of Edward Henrietta Bowers, aged 11 months.

At Chester, on the 31st ultimo, ELIZABETH B. wife of John B. M. Kenyer.

On the 21st ultimo, EDWARD W. son of Hannah J. and the late Sam. Dunn, aged 17 years.

On the 22d ultimo, in this city, Mrs. MARY HEAD, of Pottsville.

On the 7th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES CAMDEN, aged 29 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mr. DANIEL HOGAN, aged 51 years.

On the 25th ultimo, MARGARET DEVLIN, aged 21 years.

On the 21st ult. Mrs. MARGARET SMITH, aged 38 years.

On the 25th ultimo, EDWARD HARDY, aged 2½ years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mr. MARY CONNELLY, aged 42 years.

BOOK MACHINES

For drawings and particulars address with stamp, KIMBALL & SMITH, Painesville, O.

GREAT REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA.

DR. HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,

WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE

LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE,

Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.

The proprietor in calling the attention of the public to this preparation, does so with a feeling of the utmost confidence in its virtues and adaptation to the diseases for which it is recommended.

It is no new and untried article, but one that has stood the test of a ten years' trial before the American people, and its reputation and sale is unrivalled by any similar preparations extant, in fact, there is scarcely a hamlet in the Union, that has not its living witnesses of the great virtues of the Bitters exhibited in the performance of some great and unexpected cure.

The mass of testimony, entirely voluntary, in possession of the proprietor, extolling and vouching for the great curative powers of this remedy, is immense, embracing names well known to science and fame, celebrated physicians and distinguished clergymen.

READ THE FOLLOWING

Certificate of RALPH LUTE, Esq., Editor of the "Spirit of the Times," Ironton, Ohio.

IRONTON, Oct. 20, 1854.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir—The Bitters are in great demand here. In addition to the quantities sold by Moxley & Barber, your agents, the two other stores sell more of them than any other medicine. I find they are much used by convalescent fever patients to rebuild their broken constitutions. I have used during the last summer, in my own family, four bottles. They were recommended to me first by a neighbor, at a time when my system was much debilitated from the effects of a severe Bilious Fever. They gave me an appetite, and restored a tone and vigor to my whole system. In one of the September numbers of my paper I related my experience of the good effects of the Bitters, since which time they have had a large sale, and have now become the standard medicine in this vicinity.

In conclusion, I would say that I feel great pleasure in giving you this testimony of the value and success of your preparation.

Respectfully, yours, RALPH LUTE.

NEVER FAILS IN DYSPEPSIA.

SALEM, N. J., Feb. 24, 1855.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in sending you these few lines, recommending to all afflicted with that terrible disease, Dyspepsia, the valuable properties of HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS. For a long time I was severely afflicted with that disease, and in expectation of obtaining some relief, used a great many preparations highly recommended for that purpose—but all in vain. Being advised to try the German Bitters, I reluctantly purchased a bottle. I felt so much relieved by the use of that, that I obtained more of it, and now, after having taken five bottles, I feel and consider myself a healthier man than I have been for the last ten years. Yours, respectfully, ANDREW TOURSON.

THEY ARE ENTIRELY VEGETABLE,

And free from Alcoholic Stimulant, and all injurious ingredients Are pleasant in taste and smell; mild in their operation; will expel all morbid secretions from the body, give bloom to the pallid cheek, and health and vigor to the frame.

Price 75 cents per bottle.

For sale by druggists, dealers and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States and Canadas.

REMOVAL.

Principal Office and Depot for the sale of "HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS," has been removed from No. 120 to the New Building, erected by the proprietor, No. 66 Arch Street, below Fifth, Philadelphia. oct18-1y

FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE.

REV. E. J. KING, Principal.

FACULTY, TWENTY PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS.

☞ Seven Brick Buildings, well finished and furnished, located on the Hudson River, 17 miles north of Saratoga.

☞ Reduced fare from Troy and Castleton first day of Term.

☞ Whole expense per term of 14 weeks, for Board, Washing, Fuel, Furnished Room, Incidentals, and Tuition in Common English, $30.45 in advance. 15 cents per week extra for fuel when fires are needed in Students' rooms.

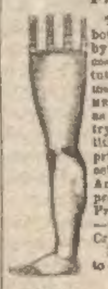
☞ Students received when there are vacancies, and charged for residue of the term.

CALENDAR FOR 1856.

Spring Term began March 29th; ends, July 2nd.
Fall Term begins August 14th; ends, November 19th.
Winter Term begins Dec 4th.

Apply to the Principal, "FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE," ja21-cow4t New York.

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.



This American invention stands unrivalled, both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 1,200 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with thirty other substitutes of the best French, English, and German manufacture, it received the award of the GREAT MEDAL at the World's Exhibition in London, as the *best and most useful limb known.* In this country it has been thirty times exhibited in competition with all others at the Annual Fairs in the principal cities, and has, in every instance, received the award of the *highest or first premium.* And as a crowning honor, by the unanimous approval of an international council, the "First Premium"—only *Silver Medal* given for Limbs—was awarded the inventor at the New York Crystal Palace.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant.

B. FRANK PALMER,
oct18-1y 376 Chestnut Street Philadelphia.

DAVID S. BIRNEY, Commissioner of Deeds for all the States, except New Jersey, No. 88 Market Street, Philadelphia. Particular attention paid to taking testimony to be used in other States. Affidavits, Acknowledgments, Claims, &c., carefully attended to. Notices can be given to take Depositions at his Office, and in his absence the matter will be attended to. nov16-1y

R. DOLLARD,
177 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated Gossamer Ventilating Wig and Elastic Band Toupees. Instructions to enable ladies and gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, inches.	Toupees and Scalps, inches.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
2. From forehead over the head to neck.	2. Over forehead as far as required.
3. From ear to ear over the top.	3. Over the crown of the head.
4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizzle, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. oct18-cowly

TO WATCH MAKERS.
THE SUBSCRIBER

Keep, of their own importation, a full assortment of ENGLISH and SWISS WATCHES, JEWELRY TOOLS, GLASSES and MATERIALS, which will be furnished to the trade at the lowest wholesale rates. Most of the above goods can be sent safely by mail, and will be forwarded in that, or any other way, on receipt of the cash, or reliable reference.

FAHR & THOMPSON, Importers,
"Eagle Building," 120 Chestnut Street,
dec21-cowly below Fourth, Philadelphia.

WATER-CURE JOURNAL

The WATER-CURE JOURNAL—devoted to Physiology, Hydropathy, and the Laws of Life and Health—with Engravings illustrating the Human System—A Guide to Health and Longevity. Published monthly, at $1 a year, by FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

GOOD HEALTH IS OUR GREAT WANT.—We can obtain it only by a knowledge of the Laws of Life and the Causes of Disease. All subjects connected with Diet, Exercise, Bathing, Cleanliness, Ventilation, Dwellings, Clothing, Temperance, etc., are clearly presented in the WATER-CURE JOURNAL. Hydropathy is fully explained and applied to all curable diseases. Water-Cure is not equalled by any other mode of treatment in those complaints peculiar to WOMEN. Particular directions are given for the treatment of ordinary cases at home, so that all may put it in practice. The JOURNAL is designed for the "People." Believing Health to be the basis of all happiness, we rely on the friends of good Health to place a copy of THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL in every family in the United States. Single Copy, $1.00 a year; Five Copies, $4.00; Ten Copies, $7.00. Now is the time to subscribe. Please address FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York. ja14-tf

A LADY who has been cured of great Nervous Debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the rare means of cure. Address, postage stamp to pay return postage, MRS MARY E. DEWITT Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent, free, by next post. ja14-6w

PROFITABLE & HONORABLE EMPLOYMENT. AGENTS WANTED.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN of good address wishing to engage in a PLEASANT, PROFITABLE and HONORABLE BUSINESS, will address for particulars, with stamp, S. S. DEWEY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

OF PEACE DALE, RHODE ISLAND,

Will send to any one, for one dollar in gold or receipts for six. Many know as good as that made by hens, and which does not cost over six cents per pound. ja26-3t

READ! PAUSE! REFLECT!

THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY informs the readers of the Post that he has opened a GENERAL AGENCY OFFICE in this city, where he will devote his attention to purchasing Hardware, Jewelry, Furniture, Agricultural Implements, and Merchandise of every description at the lowest rates, and having them forwarded by Express.

Books bought at publishers' prices and forwarded by mail. Advertisements and subscriptions received for the Eastern Magazines and Newspapers.

Please be particular in addressing letters to
THOMAS McNAMARA,
ja21-6t No. 206 North Third Street, Philada., Pa.

MORAL INSTRUCTION.

COWDERY'S

ELEMENTARY MORAL LESSONS

FOR SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

H. COWPERTHWAIT & CO.,
No. 211 Chestnut Street, Above Sixth,

Invite the attention of Teachers, Parents, and others interested in the moral welfare of the young, to this new and excellent work, which they have recently published.

This book is especially designed for School and Family Instruction. It contains many pleasing narratives, each of which illustrates some particular moral precept, as "Honor the Father and they Mother;" "Think the Truth, Speak the Truth;" "Act the Truth," "Swear not at all," &c., &c. Appended to each narrative are many questions designed to illustrate and enforce the particular virtue to which attention has been called.

Please read the following notices:

FROM THE HON. CALEB MILLS,

Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Indiana.

"It is an admirable book, and will have an extensive sale, East and West, when it becomes known. I would suggest that you send a copy to every Superintendent, Editor, and prominent Teacher in the land. I shall take great pleasure in extending

Wit and Humor.

Do As I Do, Nothing More nor Less.—The Pope once stopped for the night in a small village in Italy; the inhabitants resolved to send him a deputation. The Mayor also suggested to present his ... with the produce of the country, consisting of pine-apples, figs and cream. The pine-apples, however, were dispensed with, and each member was to carry figs and cream in silver basins. "Now," said the Mayor, with all the gravity of office, "you are not accustomed to appear before these high personages, therefore let us have no nonsense; do what you see me do, neither more nor less." The deputation was arrangedaccordiogly. The Mayor placed himself majestically and magisterially at its head, armed, like his followers, with a basin of figs in his left hand, and of cream in the right. At this time it was the custom to wear beards. The door opened, and the Mayor repeated his caution. "Neither more nor less, I beseech you." There was a step down into the room, but the Mayor, not thinking of it, the shock plunged his beard and face into the cream basin, and not being very young, brought him upon his knees, with his hands and basin under him, and his creamed face (richly ornamented with a well-lathered and dripping beard,) as it were, imploringly raised towards the representative of St. Peter. The corporation, thinking this a grave matter of form, simultaneously ducked their bearded faces, prostrated themselves on their marrow bones, and significantly cast a half-inquiring and confident look at their leader, as though to say, "You see we are all right." The Pope was at first (and well might be) astounded, but burst into as genuine fit of laughter as the lowest menial could have indulged in, while his officers, conceiving that the addressers meant merely to humbug his high mightiness, gathered up the figs, and pelted the body corporate most lustily. The Mayor hobbled out of the room as fast as he could, closely followed by his brethren, one of whom whispered to him, "How lucky we did not bring the pine-apples! they would have battered our heads to a mummy."

Squire H———'s Indigestion.—Old Squire H——— was a very successful and substantial farmer in an interior town of Massachusetts. And a more amazing eater never lived in any interior town anywhere. And especially much did he eat when fresh pork was to be his nourishment. Well, at a certain time one of his hogs had been killed. The next morning there was fresh pork for breakfast, and the old man ate most wonderously. In the course of the forenoon, he ate his luncheon, consisting of bread and butter, mince pie and cheese. At noon, his dinner consisted of fresh pork, pickles, mince pie, and the usual accompaniments. His afternoon's luncheon was like that of the forenoon. When he came home to supper, his favorite dish had not been prepared as part of that meal. The old man fretted and scolded till fresh pork was added to the substantials. He ate voraciously, as usual. In the evening he roasted some cheese, buttered and ate it. Just before going to bed, he roasted a cupple of apples and ate them. In the night he was taken with a severe colic. The doctor was with him till morning, and nearly wrought a miracle in saving the old man's life. The next day Bolles W———, one of his neighbors, went in to condole with the "old Squire." "Faithful Bolles," said the old worthy, I like to have died last night. I'll never eat another roasted apple as long as I live. I never did love them very well, and last night I ate only two, and they nearly killed me." Bolles never told this story without laughing.—*N. Y. Messenger.*

A Personal Appeal.—A minister of the "Kirk" of Scotland once discovered his wife asleep in the midst of his homily on the Sabbath. So, pausing in the steady and possible somewhat monotonous flow of his oratory, he broke forth with his personal address, sharp and clear, but very deliberate:—

"Susan!"

Susan opened her eyes and ears in a twinkling, as did all other dreamers in the house, whether asleep or awake.

"Susan, I didna marry ye for your wealth, sin ye has'd none! And I didna marry ye for your beauty, that the hail congregation can see. And if ye have no grace, I have made but a sair bargain!"

Susan's slumbers were effectually broken up for that day.

The Voice of Spleen.—A funny correspondent of the Portland Transcript says: "I have recently gin up all idea of women folks, and come back to perlitikal life. I am more at hum in this line than in huntin' the fair seekhs. Aingills in petticuts and 'kiss-me-quicks' is pretty enough to look at, I gin to, but darn 'em, they are slippery as eels, and when you fish for 'em, an' get a bite, you, somehow or other, find yourself at the *wrong* end of the line—they've cotched you! An' when you've stuffed 'em with peanuts, candy, and daggerytipes, they'll throw you away as they would a cole tater. Leastwise, that's bin my experience. But I've done with 'em now. The Queen of Sheber, the sleepin' beauty, Kleopatty's needle, Pompey's pillow, an' Lot's wife, with a steam engine to help 'em, couldn't tempt me. The very sight of a bonnet riles me all over."

Capping the Climax.—In the slave States, where the negroes have decidedly the advantage over the Irish in houses, habits, and general consideration, the scorn with which they look on them as "white trash," is exceedingly amusing. Nor is the feeling less keen in the free States, where social advantages are all on the side of the Irish population. We were walking up a hilly street in Newport, some time after our arrival, when a party of little mulatto boys coming out of school were engaged in blackguarding each other; one at length used an epithet to which, for a moment, his adversary could find no bad word strong enough to reply; when, trembling with rage, he shook his fist in his opponent's face, and stammered out, "You—you *Irish* nigger, you!"—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

The Anvil and the Bellows.—A blacksmith who fancied himself sick, would often tease a neighboring physician to give him relief. The physician knew that he was perfectly well; but being unwilling to offend him, told him he must be careful of his diet and not to eat anything heavy or windy. The blacksmith went off satisfied; but on revolving in his own mind what kind of food was heavy or windy, returned to the doctor, who having lost temper with his patient, said,

"Don't you know what things are heavy and windy?"

"No," said the blacksmith.

"Why then I'll tell you," says the doctor, "your anvil is heavy, and your bellows are windy; don't eat either of these, and you will do well."

☞ "Widow Mournful, what on earth are you thinking about?" "Nothing else in the world but my departed husband. He was such a devoted man—always bringing home his little kindnesses to me. I couldn't help thinking just now, when I heard Mrs. Brown's sausages sizzling, about what poor Mr. Mournful used to do for me. He knowed I was fond of sausages, and he hardly ever came home without bringing me a sausage in his pocket. He was fond of eggs himself, and he would occasionally fetch home a few for himself. But he was always sure to lay a sausage on the table. Never laid his eggs there—never think of 'em; and sometimes I'd ask, "Simon, where's your eggs?" "Jest as like as not he'd be a settin' on 'em!"—*Boston Post.*

Hint to Jurors.—The *New York Times* tells a story of a man, who came up to the Judge the other day, and begged to be excused from Jury duty.

"But," said the Judge, "if all are excused that ask, we shall have no jurors left."

"I know, you honor," said the applicant, with downcast head, while his finger nails were busy here, there, and everywhere, that the well practiced digitals, could reach, "I know—but mine is a peculiar case, I hate to say it Judge, but if I must, I suppose—I've got the itch."

"Here Mr. Marshall," hastily interposed the Judge, "scratch this juror out."

Shocking.—Mrs. Partington reading an account of a railroad accident, was much surprised to learn that the locomotive had been driven off the track by one of the switches. "She shouldn't have tho't," said she, "that the great iron engine would mine such a little thing as a switch."

"Yes, but you must remember, mamma," said Ike, gravely, "the locomotive has a *tender behind.*"

"Oh, that indeed," replied the old lady, resuming her paper, "well, you need not talk about it, my son; go on with your lesson."

Stewed Pears.—At a party, a lady treated her company with stewed pears. A gentleman at the table put one, as he supposed, into his mouth and attempted to pull out the stem; after pulling for some time, he was obliged to give it up, and on putting it on his plate he found he had been lugging away at a mouse, which had probably fallen into the lady's preserve jar. With the utmost coolness, he inquired of the lady if she had a cat in the house.

"Yes, sir—why?"

"Well, I would like to have her take this mouse away—that's all."

Pretty Good.—An Extensive and wealthy lumberman in a neighboring county is the father of a hard case of a boy. Being desirous of reforming him, he offered, as an inducement, to give the proceeds of the lumber from two thousand hemlock logs, provided he would go to school and behave himself for one year. Young hopeful remained silent for some time after listening to the propomition. Finally in reply to his father's interrogation, "What do you say, my son?" he said, "Call it pine logs, dad, and I'll go it."

Agricultural.

Cutting Grass and Curing Hay.—Timothy should never be cut until after the seed is formed, and then between the milk and dough state. Orchard grass, however, is so much more tender when cut in the flower, and is therefore so much preferred by cattle when so cut, that it should not be permitted to ripen into seed before cutting; it does so however, to a great extent after cutting, and contains much more nutriment than timothy.

Many farmers do not consider the scorching effects of our June and July sun, and the consequence is, that hay is too much dried in this country. Unless the grass be very thick and heavy, it will generally cure sufficiently, when exposed in the swath for two days. When shook or stirred out, it should not remain in this condition beyond the first day, or it will thus lose much of its nutritive juices, nor should dew or rain be permitted to fall upon it, unless in cocks. It is better partially drying, to expose it for three or four days in this way, and as soon as properly cured, place it under cover. It is a good practice to salt hay when put up, and it is thus secured against damage from occasional greenness; and there is no waste of the salt, as it serves the double object, after curing the hay, of furnishing salt to the cattle and manure heap.

Clover should be cut after having fully blossomed and assumed a brownish hue. By close cutting more forage is secured, and the clover afterwards springs up more readily and evenly. The swath, unless very heavy, ought never to be stirred open, but allowed to wilt on the top. It may then be turned over, and when thus partially cured, placed in high, slender cocks, and remain till sufficiently dry to remove into the barn. Clover may be housed in a much greener state, by spreading evenly over it in the mow from ten to twenty quarts of salt. Some add a bushel, but this is more than is necessary for the clover, or judicious for the stock consuming it, as the purgative effects of too much salt induce a wasteful consumption of the forage. A mixture of alternate layers of dry straw with the clover, by absorbing its juices, answer the same purpose, while it materially improves the flavor of the straw for fodder.—*Working Farmer.*

Blood Stock.—It seems impossible to make some people understand what is meant by the expression, "Blood Stock." They will twist, and turn, and turn, and laugh at the idea that any farmer, by judicious selections, has reared a herd of cattle that inherits the principal traits of the animals selected to begin with.

They laugh at the idea of keeping the very best for breeders—and will tell you how a chance animal of their own has excelled the herds denominated "blood stock."

And yet when you ask what reliance they can have on the progeny of chance animals, they will tell you that they have bred from the same for sixty years in succession, and therefore they are confident of success in rearing their calves.

Now this is precisely the doctrine of the advocates of "blood stock." They breed from the best, and cast off the inferior animals. They want no crosses with the inferior animals, and are confident that by pursuing this course, they are on the *right* road to perfection, however long that road may prove.

Still there is another class of farmers who profess to think that the most promiscuous intercourse between the males and females of cattle, will tend to produce better dairy cows and better working oxen, than can be produced by any kind of selection.

These farmers inquire what is meant by "blood stock." They would prefer to buy from the most promiscous herds of cattle, because they occasionally find an extraordinary cow that yields more than the average of blood stock. If one in fifty is found to excel the average of select stock, they seem to think they have proved their case, and are ready for judgment.

But what progress do such people make in farming? The same which a gambler makes to get a fortune. He runs for luck, and makes but little calculation, except upon the want of information of those who may be induced to play with him.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Farm Gardens.—Mr. R., at a late meeting of the Farmers' Club, advocated planting everything in long rows, so that nearly all the labor of cultivation can be done by the horse hoe, and the persons who cannot find time for spade cultivation will not neglect, as they do now, this valuable aid to family economy and health, the farm garden. What is most needed now is, for us to endeavor, by constant reiteration of the subject, to induce farmers to cultivate and eat more garden vegetables. We must keep talking of what it is best to raise, and how too plant and sow, and tend and make produce in the easiest manner.—*Ploughman.*

For Kicking Cows.—Take a short strap and fasten the ends together. Next prepare a piece of some soft wood, about 6 or 8 inches long and 1½ inches in diameter. Take the cow by the off fore leg, and double it at the knee joint close; pass the strap or loop over the knee, pressing it back until you can insert the pin between that and the knee joint, and she cannot kick. So says J. B. T. in the Rural New Yorker.

Young Lady.—"Oh, I'm so glad you like birds—which kind do you admire most?"
Old Squab.—"Well, I think a good Turkey, with plenty of dressing is about as nice as any."

On Feeding Horses in Travelling.—The following communication was written by J. B. C. Gazzo, of Gazzaton, Lafourche Parish, La., for the Albany "Country Gentleman:"

I have been travelling on horseback for more than seventeen years, within the parishes of Louisiana. As regards the face of the State of Louisiana, it presents a great diversity of roads and bayous, some parts of the country being sloping valleys, others flat ridges or coteaux, the upper part of swamps; others, such as the roads along side of the banks of the bayous, and furthermore in the south-west part of the State, Attakapas and Opelousas, are very extensive prairie roads. As a physician travelling on horseback for that space of time, I have lost only one horse upon a journey during that period. He was travelled within this warm climate of 90 degin a summer day, between fifty and fifty-five miles without eating. The day previous he was fed with many others in the same stable; the mess of corn for all the horses was thrown into a large trough, and they were all loose, and had free access to the whole. I have always believed that his death was owing to riding him too long without eating; and even after this long travel I have no doubt he would have done well if he had been in a separate stable, and been restricted to his portion alone, as formerly. I have tried two modes of travelling. I have waited in winter for breakfast, and then rode until night, and have always found myself and horse very much worn down at the end of the day's journey. My usual mode is to start two or three hours after daylight, and travel about five miles an hour until eleven or twelve o'clock, depending in some measure upon the distance of the stand or place that I wish to reach. In the winter season we generally rest from one or two hours, and can make our stopping-place for the night in good time, averaging forty-five to fifty miles per day. In the summer, I start at daylight, and ride till eleven or twelve, and rest till two or three. My horse is as fresh in the afternoon as in the forenoon, and I can travel from fifty to fifty-five miles a day without much distress to myself or horse. I give my horse as much food as he will eat during the night, but nothing in the morning in the way of meat, but always as much good water as he will drink. I have travelled as fast and as far in the same time, as any other physician in America, and I do not now recollect ever to have injured a horse except the one mentioned above; and I am well satisfied that the latter mode of travelling is greatly preferable to both horse and rider.

Berkshire Pigs.—The Berkshire pigs belong to the large class, and are distinguished by their color, which is a whitish or sandy brown, spotted regularly with dark brown or black spots, and by their having no bristles. The hair is long, thin, somewhat curly, and looks rough; the ears are fringed with long hair round the outer edge, which gives them a ragged or feathery appearance; the body is thick, compact, and well formed; the legs short, the sides broad, the head well set on, the snout short, the jowl thick, the ears erect, and the skin exceedingly thin in texture, the flesh firm and well-flavored, and the bacon very superior.

This breed of pigs has been generally considered to be one of the best in England, on account of its smallness of bone, early maturity, aptitude to fatten on little food, hardihood, and the females being such good breeders.

Hogs of the pure original breed have been known to attain to an immense size, and weigh as much as 800 to 950 pounds. One bred at Petworth measured seven feet seven inches from the tip of his snout to the root of his tail, and seven feet ten inches in girth round the centre; five feet around the neck, ten inches round the thinnest part of the hind leg, and two feet across the widest part of the back. He stood three feet nine inches high; and what was more remarkable in this monstrous animal, he did not consume more than two bushels and three pecks of ground oats, peas, and barley per week.

They are not, however, generally of an enormous size, being much smaller than several of the older breeds; their ordinary weight averages from 250 to 300 pounds, and some will, at two years old, weigh 400.

Horses for the Farm.—A writer in the Ohio Cultivator thinks the time has come when farmers should open their eyes to the need of having a better class of horses for the farm. He thinks that, though the Morgans are active and well fitted for the saddle and carriage, they are too light for farm work. The Norman horse he believes to be the best yet introduced into the country for the farmer. "They are heavy and muscular, averaging from 14½ to 16½ hands high, and weighing from 1,000 to 1,800 pounds. Their limbs are short and well-proportioned with their bodies, their disposition is good and lively, although they are not fast horses, yet they are good travellers. Full bloods can be bought in France for 500 francs (95 dollars.) They are the most common horses there. The half-bloods sell readily at prices ranging from 150 francs to 1,000 francs, and are in good demand at those prices."

The Norman horses cannot be surpassed, we believe, for hardiness and great strength, when put to a load, yet they are objectionable on account of a want of fine action and bearing. In most cases our farm horses are our carriage horses, and we must unite the good qualities of the one with those of the other.

How to Produce Large Fruit.—A correspondent of the Gardener's Gazette says, by a very simple and easy process, fruits of many kinds may be raised about one-third larger than is usually the case, and of greatly improved quality. The secret consists in supporting the fruits so that they shall not be allowed to hang the whole weight upon the stalk, or twist about in the wind. The Gazette states that when the fruit is allowed to hang naturally upon the stalk, the increasing weight strains the stem or twig, and thus lessens the quantity of nutritious food flowing to the fruit. The fruit may be supported either by tying it to a branch with a piece of matting or by inclosing it in a small net. Flowers, such as dahlias or peonies, may also be rendered much larger by the adoption of this system.

Currants for Wine Making.—The red currant (or Dutch red) for wine making, gives a higher flavor than the white, and is considered a better producer. One acre of currant bushes, set four feet apart, would in due time produce 25 bushels of fruit, and might be made to grow 50 bushels, that depending on the soil and the manner of cultivation. Three gallons may be obtained from a bushel of good ripe fruit. Make the wine in the same manner that you would a barrel of good sweet cider, with the addition of from three to four pounds of sugar to the gallon, fermenting off the pomace until it is entirely clear, after which it should be racked off into tight barrels and there remain any desirable time to become ripe and firm. As to the price of the article in market, the deponent saith not.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Food for Young Chickens and Turkeys.—Nothing is better for them than Indian corn dough, made of coarse meal. In two or three weeks they may be allowed the refuse of wheat and cracked Indian corn of the size of rice, also buckwheat or any small grain. As soon as they can eat these well, they are preferable to the dough.

It is recommended that to each young turkey, at first, there be given a grain of black pepper. Next give them curd made by the application to milk of rennet, or by letting the milk be thoroughly soured. They will seldom die if kept upon curd, unless suffering external evil.

Sowing Turnips.—Do not forget that about the last of July, or forepart of August, is a good time to sow a patch of common turnips. The soil for turnips should be moist, rich and mellow. Ground where corn has failed, or stands too thin will answer if clear of weeds and well stirred. Or a piece of clean wheat stubble may be plowed for the purpose; also patches in the garden where peas or early potatoes have been harvested. Turnip seed is plenty and cheap in most stores where seeds are sold. It is best to buy enough at once to resow with in case of dry weather or the fly should destroy the first sowing. The seed, if fresh, will keep good for three or four years.—*Farm Journal.*

To Prevent Trees from Splitting.—When I find a forked tree that is likely to split, I look for a small limb on each fork, and clean them of leaves and lateral branches for most of their length. I then carefully bring them together, and wind them round each other. In twelve months they will have united, and in two years the ends can be cut off. The brace will grow as fast at any other part of the tree, and is perfect security from splitting. I have them now of all sizes, and I scarcely ever knew one to fail to grow.—*Cor. N. Y. Farmer.*

☞ Lawns must be frequently mown to look well; rake the cut grass quite clean. A hard broom will answer for small plots. In more extensive places, the patent grass or daisy rake is indispensable. Cut early in the morning, when there is copious dew, and clean up immediately, if you wish to economize labor. A smooth, green lawn suggests repose and quiet; all necessary labor, in keeping, should therefore be performed in the most expeditious manner.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

NEXT MINISTER FROM ENGLAND.

Mr. Crampton, having been dismissed from the United States, the English Government sent in his place Sir Peixhan Gun, Bart., a very *straightforward* gentleman, not at all interested in the Enlistment question.

Sir P.—"Well, here I am, Mr. Marcy, just arrived, to look after my interest in these parts. As Crampton couldn't stay here, I thought I might, you know. How's my old friend and relative, Mr. Buchannon? Hearty, I hope."

English Writers.—Scotchmen and Quakers have been staple themes with the English wits for a century; Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb were memorably comical about them; and Sydney Smith continued the merry warfare with credit. In each of the coteries represented by these idols of society, we find that the "mutual admiration principle," so natural to special fraternities, holds sway. Johnson over-estimated, while he brow beat, his literary *confreres;* Lamb betrays a child-like devot on to Coleridge and his disciples; and Sydney Smith praises Jeffrey's articles, Horner's character, and Mackintosh's talk, with like partiality. This is but the instinct of the love and honor drawn out by intimate association; but such verdicts, in a critical point of view, are to be taken with due allowance, not so much in regard to the merits of the individuals thus warmly regarded, as of contemporaries not belonging to the same clique, yet in an intellectual aspect, having equal and often superior claims upon the lovers of genius and worth.—*H. T. Tuckerman in North American Review.*

Pronouncing Bible Names.—The clerk of a retired parish in England, when reading the third chapter of Daniel, wherein the names of Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego are thirteen times repeated, after speaking them once, called them, during the remainder of the chapter, "the aforesaid gentlemen."

TO THE LADY OF MY LOVE.

The lady of my love—she waits for me,
At our lone trysting place; the sinking sun
Scatters its web of golden broidery
The sombre sward upon;
Behind the eastern slope of the far height,
The van-ward shadows of the twilight wait;
Perhaps my lady prays, "Delay, oh! night—
My plighted one is late."

Patient she is, and calm—she does not speak;
But tranquil, as with inward peace composed,
With long dark eyelashes drooping on her cheek,
And soft brown eyes fast closed,
My dedicated one doth meekly wait,
Yet why he lingers, still forbears to ask;
The clouds that troop around the sunset's gate,
Play out their gorgeous masque;
And the day doth; from the hollows creep
Night's weird and ghostly husbandmen, to sow
The darkness on the upland and the steep—
She does not turn to go.

Lonely she waits, where hour succeeds to hour,
Nor any moving thing the stillness breaks—
Save where, beside her grave, the wind-bowed flower
Its quaint obeisance makes.

So hold thy tryst, nor grieve that he delays
Whose lingering steps ruled and appointed be;
My course may lie through many devious ways,
Yet every river finds at last the sea;
And I am faring through this tangled maze
To keep my tryst with thee.

Popularity and Merit.—Dickens's and Irving's works sell, but the emasculated novel, unilluminated by a single ray of genius, sells a thousand times better. This is "the fifty thousandth," says the exulting bookseller. And this becomes fame to you, the ephemeral novelist. You are a lion to-day, on account of your book; next day I am a lion because I safely sculled across the river in a wooden dipper—and you are forgotten! It is just ninety years since Goldsmith's "Traveller" appeared in a London newspaper. "The Vicar of Wakefield" was sold, through Dr. Johnson's mediation, for £60; and in ten years after the author died. With what love do we hang over its pages! His books are influences and friends forever; yet the five thousandth copy was never announced, and Oliver Goldsmith, M. B., often wanted a dinner! Horace Walpole, the coxcomb of literature, smiled at him contemptuously from his gilded carriage. Goldsmith struggled cheerfully with his adverse fate, and died. But then sad mourners, whom he had aided in their affliction, gathered around his bed; and a lady of distinction, whom he had only dared to admire at a distance, came and cut a lock of his hair for remembrance. When I see that Goldsmith, thus carrying his heart in his hand, like a palm-branch, I look on him as a successful man, whom adversity could not bring down from the level of his lofty nature.—*George W. Curtis.*

Appreciation of the Living.—Let us not forget, that if honor be for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living. He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent, *there*, are the wild love, and the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lesson which men receive as individuals, they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow; and to pay the honor to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps, which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay.—*Ruskin.*

Hindoo Idea of the English.—The Reverend G. Pierce was once crossing a river in India, when he met with a native carpenter, and entered into a conversation with him about idolatry. "Oh," said the man, "the gods I believe in are the English people." Mr. Pierce told him it was wrong to say so. "Why, look," rejoined the man pointing to an iron steamboat, "when we put iron into the water it sinks; but when you put it in it swims. Then look at the iron bridge which you have made. All our learned men could never have made it." And then he spoke of a balloon that had been sent up a short time before, and added, "Do not the gods live up in the sky? One of your people went up in that little round thing, I do not know where, flying up where the gods dwell. Then Mr. Jones, who built your house yonder; why, he was walking in the fields, and he smelt coals, and said, 'Dig down there'; and they dug down, and found coals." All this was said in a breath, to the great astonishment of Mr. Pierce.

Mental Condition of the Horse.—In a very interesting essay on "Body and Mind," in the last number of the Edinburg Review; it is stated that many of the mental conditions of the human being are also observable in some of the lower animals They sleep, they dream, they become insane. They have variations in temper. The horse will weep like his master, and the big tears course as rapidly down his cheeks, from grief or pain. In the disease *rabies*, the mental character of the horse is wonderfully changed. If before the disease he was good-tempered and attached to his groom, he will recognize his former friend, and seek his caresses during the intervals between the paroxysms of fury, and he will press his head against his bosom, and with a piteous look gaze upon him, as if beseeching relief from the dreadful malady. Yet in an instant his whole conduct will change into furious madness and singular treachery. He labors under an intense feeling to destroy; and there appears to be a desire for mischief for its own sake.

The Hand.—With the hand we demand, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, reckon, confess, repent; express fear, express shame, express doubt; we instruct, command, unite, encourage, swear, testify, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, despise, defy, disdain, flatter, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, reconcile, recommend, exalt, regale, gladden, complain, afflict, discomfort, discourage, astonish, exclaim, indicate silence, and what not, with a variety and multiplication that keeps pace with the tongue. —*Montaigne.*

Blood Which Will Not Wash Out.—I know a lone house where there is a red stain in a paving stone of the floor, and this stain is said to have been caused by a drop of blood from a man who was murdered many years since in the locality (Gloucestershire, Eng.), and whose body had been removed to this house. No washing will remove the spot, which I saw, and was told the above by the woman of the house.—*Correspondent of "Notes and Queries."*

Good Counsel.—Every schoolboy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by a half-a-dozen blooming responsibilities, and their mother, will make a higher and stronger flight than the bachelor, who having nobody to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody.

☞ A Childish Thought.—We learn toleration from children; for no man can have his whiskers pulled by a young brat, without feeling what an intolerable nuisance he must have been as a child himself.—*A Surly Old Bachelor.*

☞ A man's virtue should not be measured by his occasional exertion, but his ordinary doings.

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 203 letters.

My 177, 69, 142, 81, 85, 49, 151, 125, 11, 176, 22, 93, 6, 33, 109, 47, 198, 148, 153, 163, 71, 108, 83, 23, is a distinguished American poet, who has contributed much that is pleasing to the literature of his country.

My 176, 51, 101, 39, 121, 31, 82, 50, 30, 114, 42, 55, 202, 178, 130, 182, 82, 124, 159, 88, is a distinguished American historian.

My 75, 28, 153, 158, 60, 23, 28, 136, 53, 39, 16, 171, 124, 3, 119, 62, 12, 18, 187, was a most distinguished navigator and discoverer, by birth an Italian.

My 63, 103, 6, 41, 87, 129, 17, 186, 59, 70, 184, 12, 94, 84, 41, 58, 43, 104, 161, was a noted Roman orator and statesman.

My 193, 154, 24, 15, 100, 30, 179, 10, 132, 46, 99, 12, 3, 16, 12, 197, 7, 112, 93, was a distinguished English authoress.

My 28, 73, 82, 70, 160, 126, 82, 92, 57, 103, 71, 27, 48, 12, 149, 85, 174, 90, 192, is a very popular American poet.

My 195, 98, 176, 8, 77, 40, 100, 35, 14, 62, 87, 63, 12, 7, 112, 23, 180, 137, is a well known English writer and novelist.

My 49, 169, 2, 194, 146, 193, 63, 170, 60, 13, 20, 185, 167, 205, 99, 141, 183, was one of the most renowned poets of England.

My 147, 197, 102, 127, 173, 29, 81, 4, 12, 76, 90, 126, 180, 174, 148, 27, 178, was a celebrated European monarch.

My 115, 203, 12, 117, 144, 63, 203, 143, 143, 107, 95, 187, 36, 186, 21, 150, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 1, 121, 109, 196, 73, 23, 61, 38, 97, 52, 37, 133, 86, 89, 74 was an ancient Grecian Emperor.

My 96, 2, 115, 110, 108, 183, 150, 97, 194, 199, 156, 52, 147, 167, 165, was an English author of the 18th century, "whose writings range over every department of miscellaneous literature."

My 119, 54, 68, 204, 191, 92, 19, 78, 140, 75, 80, 164, 113, 163, was an American naval commander, who distinguished himself in the last war with Great Britain.

My 69, 131, 200, 198, 178, 127, 91, 9, 201, 139, 18, 83, 89, 155, is a well known French writer.

My 134, 172, 131, 116, 195, 77, 171, 137, 97, 68, 40, 200, 101, 32, was a distinguished personage—an Englishman—who flourished in the 17th century.

My 44, 50, 31, 42, 108, 173, 81, 40, 146, 34, 20, 30, 64, 74, is the most popular English writer of the present age.

My 123, 190, 142, 189, 133, 3, 72, 205, 135, 26, 122, was an English writer, the author of a celebrated romance.

My 161, 139, 38, 65, 56, 198, 79, 90, 122, 153, is a French writer of celebrity.

My whole is a quotation from a distinguished English poet, which implies that man should be content with the rank which he holds in creation. OAHMEW.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 42 letters.

My 28, 13, 2, 16, 10, 18, 5, 2, 27, 18, 13, was an Emperor of France.
My 13, 9, 5, 26, 31, 33, an English poetess.
My 2, 9, 16, 6, 19, 18, 9, 24, 33, 34, was a celebrated Grecian orator.
My 38, 39, 40, 41, was a noted English astronomer.
My 12, 30, 11, 12, 38, was a German mathematician.
My 27, 18, 21, 9, 31, 33, was a hero of the Revolution.
My 10, 30, 32, 13, 18, 16, was a celebrated German reformer.
My 15, 28, 29, 34, 23, 20, 39, 22, was a Grecian historian.
My 27, 16, 7, 34, 17, is a celebrated rocellist.
My 1, 4, 35, 42, 29, 24, was distinguished for his bravery.
My whole was a lady of distinction. CINROS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CINROS.

My first is a nuisance,
Wherever it's found,
'Tis the pest of the farmer,
The prey of the hound.

The horn blows loudly,
My second to call;
My whole tells the tale
Of the enemy's fall.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is often seen at night;
My second is a preposition;
My third is often used by ladies;
My whole is a town in the south.
Pine Woods, Natchitoches, La. LIZZIE F. J.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a pronoun.
My second is a noun.
My third is a preposition.
My whole is a hint to awaken the memory.
Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To my 2-3 add my 1-6; subtract my 1-2; multiply by my 1-9; divide by my 1-6, and you will have my age.
Belmont Co., Ohio. ADDISON.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of the second and fourth of five numbers, is equal to the sum of the first and fifth; the sum of the squares of the first, second and third, is equal to the square of the fourth, diminished by the first; the product of the first, second and third, is equal to the product of the fourth and fifth; the cube of the first, increased by the product of the second and third, is equal to the product of the third and fourth, increased by the first; and the product of the first and fourth, is equal to the square root of the sum of the cubes of the second and fourth. Query—what are the numbers?
Red Brush Hill. MATHEMATACUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What Roman General do the ladies ask for in leap year? Ans.—Marius (marry-us).

☞ Why does the cook make more noise than the bell? Ans.—Because the one makes a din, but the other a din-ner.

☞ Why are your nose and chin always at variance? Ans.—Because words are constantly passing between them.

☞ Why is a cow's tail like the letter F? Ans.—Because it is the end of beef.

☞ What is the prettiest lining for a bonnet? Ans.—A sweet face.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The sudden return of Rachel to Europe. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Richard Lovell Edgeworth. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Mrs. Caroline Ilse Hentz. CHARADE.—La—Lady—Love—(Lady-Love). CHARADE.—Land-shark. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—51, 73 and 84 perches.

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE IN POST OF May 31st.

Beside the ancient Nile there walked a royal maid,
Where, 'mid the reeds, an infant in a tiny ark was laid,
And the murmuring waves that floated to her feet that treasure rich,
Could not harm it, for the casket was covered o'er with *pitch.*

Years passed—the rescued infant had become a gray-haired sage,
And the brow of Pharaoh's daughter was furrowed o'er with age,
When Egypt's sins drew vengeance from an Almighty hand,
And *pitch* darkness, dread and awful, filled all the guilty land.

'Tis a *pipe* that leads the dancers upon the village green,
Adding melody and music to many a festive scene,
And a *pipe* consoles the rustic, as he follows through the dark,
Across the lonely mountain, its animating spark.

New England! dear New England! where'er they children be,
A *pitch-pipe* seems to bear them back to childhood and to thee;
Again they tread thy mountains, thy solemn worship share,
And the psalms they sung in fancy fill all the echoing air.

Oh! is it not a mystery how slight a thing will wake
A thirst to be at home again, which only home can slake—
The *pitch-pipe's* scarce-heard murmur may overflow the eye,
As the sweetest music could not. Are you answered, Pompey?
Bristol. BESSIE LEE.

☞ Answered also in rhyme, by Dotha Bell, Caroline Newton, Pattie Burns, and Oahmew. In prose, by F. C., Iowa.

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE IN POST OF May 31st.

Beside the ancient Nile there walked a royal maid,
Where, 'mid the reeds, an infant in a tiny ark was laid,
And the murmuring waves that floated to her feet that treasure rich,
Could not harm it, for the casket was covered o'er with *pitch.*

Years passed—the rescued infant had become a gray-haired sage,
And the brow of Pharaoh's daughter was furrowed o'er with age,
When Egypt's sins drew vengeance from an Almighty hand,
And *pitch* darkness, dread and awful, filled all the guilty land.

'Tis a *pipe* that leads the dancers upon the village green,
Adding melody and music to many a festive scene,
And a *pipe* consoles the rustic, as he follows through the dark,
Across the lonely mountain, its animating spark.

New England! dear New England! where'er they children be,
A *pitch-pipe* seems to bear them back to childhood and to thee;
Again they tread thy mountains, thy solemn worship share,
And the psalms they sung in fancy fill all the echoing air.

Oh! is it not a mystery how slight a thing will wake
A thirst to be at home again, which only home can slake—
The *pitch-pipe's* scarce-heard murmur may overflow the eye,
As the sweetest music could not. Are you answered, Pompey?
Bristol. BESSIE LEE.

☞ Answered also in rhyme, by Dotha Bell, Caroline Newton, Pattie Burns, and Oahmew. In prose, by F. C., Iowa.